
OTHER LYRICS



INVICTA

G. NEWMAN





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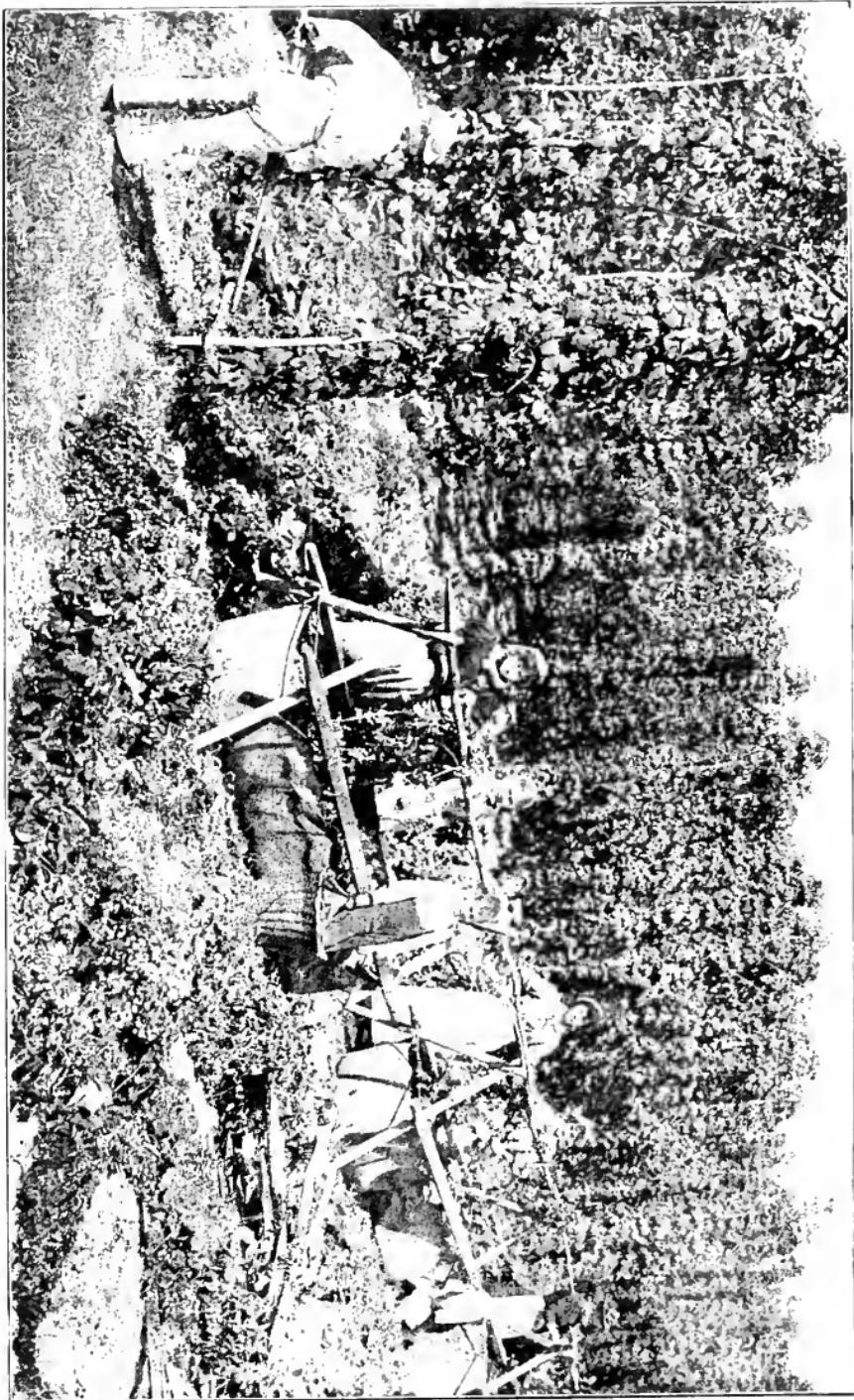


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Other Lyrics.

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HOP-PICKING IN KENT.

J. J. Edmunds.



OTHER LYRICS.

AN AFTERMATH,

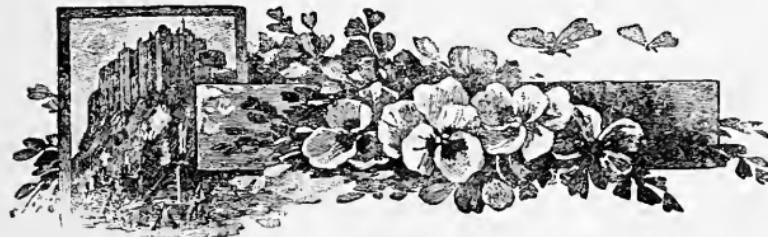
BY

GEORGE NEWMAN

(LLOEGRYN),

AUTHOR OF

‘Wayside Lyrics,’ ‘White upon Black,’ &c.



ASHFORD :

PRINTED AT THE OFFICES OF THE “KENT COUNTY EXAMINER.”

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TO THE READER.

This gleaning of the waifs and strays
Of humble, artless song,
Now gathered in the after days
Of one who loved it long,

Perchance in kindred hearts may bring
Fond memories of yore,
When his, whose solace 'tis to sing,
Responsive throbs no more.

For over forty years, the public, more especially the inhabitants of my native county, have not only borne with, but encouraged by their long-continued patronage and support, my humble offerings at Apollo's shrine. Sensible, indeed, am I of many imperfections in my attempts in lyric lore, some of which, no doubt, might have been avoided, and others corrected, had I been one of the favoured few who have wealth and leisure at their command. My life, however, has been one unceasing round of work, excepting only the inestimable boon of the Sabbath, and an occasional holiday for a few days during the summer. Consequently what I have written has not been the elaborate outcome of learned leisure, but has come "straight from the heart," which, no doubt, is the reason for its producing a responsive throb in the hearts of others who, like myself, are no strangers to the trials and difficulties of this life of ours.

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Many of the poems in the present collection consist of recollections of "days gone by," as is natural in one who has passed his three-score years ; and some of them, in the addenda, have been inserted at the special wish of old friends, in remembrance of *Auld Lang Syne*.

With these few introductory remarks, and heartily thanking those whose names appear in the accompanying List of Subscribers, which makes the publication of the work a labour of love,

I remain, dear reader,

Yours ever sincerely,

GEO. NEWMAN,

(LLOEGRYN).



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DEDICATION.

To the Inhabitants of my Native County—Kent.

From one who loves his native vale through which the Medway flows,
Where nature to his wondering gaze her treasures first unrolled,
Accept this tribute from a heart in which affection glows,
For all its flowery nooks and lanes as brightly as of old.

By fancy's aid I linger still beside the running stream,
And gather *Fleurs-de-lis* and pale Forget-me-nots again ;
And by the help of memory yet the Water-lilies seem
Reclining on their liquid beds unknown to care or pain.

I see the male King-fisher in his garb of peerless blue,
In shady nook suspended in mid-air above his prey ;
And flitting, darting Dragon-flies in bright cerulean hue,
Above the reeds and rushes spend the glorious summer day.

Of *“ Memories of Malling,” what a thrilling host arise
Unbidden from my heart of hearts at mention of that name !
Of rambles in the woods and lanes, and the delights and joys
In which my boyhood revelled when from school each respite came—

Of Beetles, Moths, and Butterflies, from brown to palest blue—
Of soft and tender Mosses where the nimble Lizards hide—
Of wild flowers in profusion, and of every shade and hue,
And busy Bee and Ant life in their many forms beside !

I've lingered in the gloaming hour to hear the Mavis sing,
And the deep and mellow music of the Blackbird's evensong ;
And as the shadows deepened, all the woods appeared to ring
With *Philomel*'s enchanting notes the thicket boughs among.

I've climbed with joy the breezy hills in days of long ago,
And †Milk-vetch and Fly-orchis gathered—children of the wild,
Which, like the native Men of Kent, in greatest vigour grow
In the ever bracing air of freedom, pure and undefiled.

* “ Memories of Malling and its Valley,” by the Rev. C. H. Fielding, M.A.,
Wateringbury.

† These beautiful and indigenous wild flowers are only found in elevated and
breezy spots, and nearly all attempts to cultivate them in gardens—
especially the latter—have proved failures.

I've lingered by the Cromlech's old, which hurricanes and time,
 And the more ruthless hand of man have failed to sweep away ; 
 And in fancy I have seen again the Druids in their prime,
 Though twenty centuries have passed since here their power held sway;

And on the upland plateau, where a pre-historic race
 Lived ages ere the war-songs of the Bards the Britons fired ;
 And Ightham's* sage, with loving hand and heart has learned to trace,
 Their history in flint work, with a zeal almost inspired.

I've wandered by the mighty Thames, where juicy Samphire grows—
 Sea-lavender and Reeds and Rushes : Mallows too, galore—
 And watched the screaming Sea-gulls, and the way the Plover goes
 T' entice us from its nestlings in the marshes near the shore !

And other, holier memories are here brought back to me,
 For, at the pier at Gravesend town, I've parted many a time
 With kindred dear ones who had made their home upon the sea,
 And watched their ships departing for some far off land and clime.

Here too, in the enclosure of "God's Aere," calmly sleeps
 The darling of my heart and home through many chequered years ;
 And o'er her and her children now the guardian angel keeps
 Fond watch and ward around the spot made sacred by our tears.

Though now beyond the limits of my native Kent I dwell,
 By other scenes surrounded, famous in historic lore,
 Still memory lingers 'mid the scenes I loved so long and well,
 And lingering fans the embers of the zeal I felt of yore.

Here, too, a Kentish maiden came to share my heart and home ;
 And, sitting in the firelight, when our long day's task is done,
 We oft recount the scenes where it was our delight to roam
 In days of long ago, when brightly shone life's morning sun.

And gratefully as, hand in hand, we meet each coming day,
 Reeall the many mercies crowning times of grief and pain ;
 And gather hope and comfort from each memory of life's way,—
 Which cheer us, and *will* cheer us still, as time is on the wane.

Wood Green,
Middlesex,
1900.

*Of the wonderful collection of flint implements discovered during a search extending over many years, by Mr. Benjamin Harrison, of Ightham, and in 1897, exhibited at the Guildhall Museum, London, the late Sir Joseph Prestwich has said : "No traces of older men have been met with on our land." Another authority claimed "that Mr. Harrison has deciphered from the hard palimpsest of earth another page in the most interesting of all epics, the story of human life."

REMEMBER THEM ?

Remember them ?—Ah ! the old times and old places—
 Old scenes in which *we* in our boyhood took part—
 Old forms and old faces—those long cherished faces—
 Still hold an indelible place in the heart.

Remember them ? Ay, and we treasure each token
 That Time, ever fleeting, has spared to us yet ;
 And so deep in our hearts is each loving word spoken
 Engraved, we can never, no never forget.

At times, like the present, when peacefully sitting
 In comfort around the enlivening glow
 Of the fire, in whose flickers the shadows are flitting,
 The past through both fancy and memory flow.

And faces and scenes rise unbidden before us,
 In all their spring beauty, as fresh as of yore :
 They entrance us anew as the vision steals o'er us,
 Till, lost in the shadows, we see them no more.



THE NIGHTINGALE.

'Twas in the gloaming, and o'er all around
The ebon shadows of the coming night
Foregathered ; while upon the mossy ground,
Like diamonds, glistened many a glow-worm's light.

The grand old trees in gloomy outline stood
Against the background of the evening sky ;
And here and there the denser underwood
Formed thickets where no human ken could pry.

My heart was sad ; and as I walked along,
And pondered o'er the devious ways of men,
There came an outburst of mellifluous song,
Such as comes not from human lip or pen.

From out the thicket notes of purest joy
Filled all the air, and calmed my troubled breast
With its sweet music, free from earth's alloy,
Which erst had wrought within my soul unrest.

The bubbling, trilling notes of melody,
And then the *jug-jug*, told me whence they came ;
And then rich, mellow tones in plaintive key,
Which almost set my longing soul afame.

'Twas *Eos, pouring forth his song of love
Out on the night wind—full of passion's fire—
Sweeter than in the fabled courts of Jove
Welled out the love-strains from the Orphean lyre.

'Twas Nature's heaven-taught music, which began
In Eden's days of innocence and bloom ;
And still shall cheer the heart of erring man
Till Nature's self shall meet its final doom.

*Welsh for Nightingale.



LLANWNOG.

The last resting place of the Welsh Bard, John "Ceiriog" Hughes, the Burns of Wales (1887).

In Llanwnog's old churchyard now,
 Shrouded in yew-trees' peaceful gloom,
 Snug nestling 'neath the mountain brow,
 Rests "Ceiriog" in the silent tomb.

His loving heart now rests beneath
 The native soil he loved so well ;
 Yet shall the joy his songs bequeath,
 For ages in old Gwalia dwell ;

And nerve her sons to "do the right,"
 And boldly stand on Freedom's side ;
 And, in advancing reason's light,
 Contend, whatever may betide.

The well-trod footpath through the grass,
 That leads us to his quiet bed,
 Tells of the numerous friends who pass,
 And loving tear-drops o'er him shed.

And in the gloaming oft is seen
 (Amid the shadows, as they fall
 The solemn yew-tree boughs between,
 And by the hoary churchyard wall)

*“ Myvanwy,” whose devoted love
 Had been his solace and his pride,
 All earthly paeans far above—
 More precious than all else beside.

At Dinas Brân, long years ago,
 In an old oak-tree’s riven stem,
 She found (the Fates would have it so)
 The famed *peithynen*—poet’s gem.

Since then the years have come and gone,
 With all life’s joys and fears and frets—
 Times when his fame so brightly shone—
 Times that the world too soon forgets.

And now “ Myvanwy,” ’neath the shade
 Of the old yew-trees’ silent gloom,
 Seeks the *peithynen* deftly made
 By angel hands beside his tomb.

Have faith “ Myvanwy”—pray and wait
 Until a few more years have flown ;
 And thou shalt find it at the gate
 Of Heaven, where partings are unknown.

*One of “Ceiriog’s” principal poems was entitled “Myvanwy Fychan.” The scene of the story is the neighbourhood of the castle of Dinas Brân, in the Vale of Llangollen. Here, Howel ap Einion is supposed to have written a love song upon a Welsh *peithynen* (a frame made of three or four pieces of movable wood, dyed blue to make the writing clearer). This he deposited in the lightning-riven stem of an oak tree, where it was afterwards found by Myvanwy.

Mrs. Hughes was afterwards admitted a member of the “Mystic Circle” by the assembled Bards at the Gorsedd—the venerable Arch Druid using the following words:—“Daughter of Cambria! we name thee “ Myvanwy.” I invest thee with Apollo’s bays.”

John “Ceiriog” Hughes was the bard who, after the Carnarvon Eisteddfod, in 1862, wrote the original words, in Welsh, of the poem which was afterwards translated into English, and set to music by Brinley Richards, and has since taken rank next to the National Anthem, viz. “God bless the Prince of Wales.”

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

As day-break o'er the mountain peaks
Its earliest beams of light diffuses,
And down their sides in golden streaks
Extends, till night its empire loses ;

So may the bright and glad New Year
O'er every mound of care and sorrow
Spread beams of joy, the heart to cheer,
And usher in a glorious morrow—

A morrow fraught with happiness,
With higher aims and kindred feeling ;
That seeks to succour and to bless—
With sympathy all hearts annealing.

Thus may each New Year's morning be
To our glad souls the prelude given,
Of the bright morn when shadows flee
Before the glorious light of Heaven.



MEMORIES.

Awakened on finding a sprig of dried blossoms of the
Traveller's Joy (*Clematis Vitalba*).

While looking o'er some relics of the past—
Relics of youth, life's spring-time's treasure trove—
I came upon a faded flower at last :
Mute sign of joy and sorrow, hope and love !

Its feathery, silvery blossoms lay between
The gentle pressure of the folded leaves ;
All sapless, but retaining still the sheen
That Nature in its wondrous texture weaves.

Sweet, silent monitors of fleeting time ;
Mementoes of the past—to me they bring
Conflicting memories of youthful rhyme,
Essays in song, and love's first blossoming.

In my first ramble in the quiet lanes
With her who, since, for many years has been
My all in all, amid life's joys and pains,
These flowers upon the hedge-row erst were seen.

In fancy now I seem to see her stand,
With cheeks suffused, and eyes whose light divine
Requested, as she raised her little hand,
These very blossoms which I held in mine.

Years now have passed, and as Time swift of wing
 Sped on, that little hand, that generous heart,
 Through all the scenes revolving seasons bring,
 Have played a noble and unselfish part.

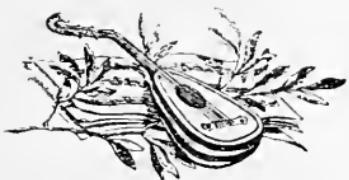
And now those hands are folded on the breast
 In which the heart once beat, but now is still :
 Those eyes are closed which sympathy's behest
 At others' grief and pain with tears would fill.

I fondly hoped her hand would have been spared
 To close my eyes when, life's short journey o'er,
 This aching heart, whose hopes and fears she shared,
 Responded to life's hopes and fears no more.

But God knew best—perchance in after time,
She might have suffered, weary and alone ;
 And e'en this flower that now employs my rhyme
 Awaked for *her* these chords of saddening tone.

And now within its casket I'll replace
 With reverent hand the faded silvery bloom ;
 And patient wait our meeting face to face
 Beyond the shadowy portals of the tomb.





BROTHER—SING ON.

Addressed to an aged singer who had hinted that he was about to hang his harp upon the willow.

Brother—sing on ; and as life's day is waning,
 Tune up thy lyre to the concert pitch of joy ;
 Even till thy heart, with the music all constraining,
 Thrills with emotion that no mortal can accloy.
 Brother—sing on ; and while the shadows lengthen,
 As in the glowing west declines the setting sun,
 Deep in thy soul may thy song-power live and strengthen ;
 Ever still increasing till the crown of life is won.
 Chequered has thy life been—sometimes care and sorrow,
 Hand in hand have travelled the beaten path along ;
 And pain and anguish pressing on each succeeding morrow,
 Still squeezing from thy heart fresh bursts of living song.
 Sometimes joy and gladness have round thy brow
 entwining,
 As with a radiant halo from the sun in early spring,
 Infusing all thy spirit with its bright and gladsome
 shining,
 Compelled thee with new fervour and gratitude to sing.
 And now that Time is speeding, and thy locks are thin and
 hoary,
 Oh may thy prospects brighten of the celestial shore,
 Where earthly lyres give place to the golden harps of
 glory,
 And song, in full fruition, fills the soul for evermore !

THE REDBREAST.

Now, while fades the fleeting year—
Dearest of the feathered throng—
Robin comes our hearts to cheer
With his blithe and merry song.

Just outside the window pane,
Or upon the leafless tree,
Heedless of the wind and rain,
Hear him singing joyfully.

Summer songsters all have flown
With the sunshine and the flowers ;
And the Robin's song alone
Cheers us through the wintry hours.

Happy bird, a type art thou
Of Life's friendships, true and tried—
Those who, when life's tempests blow,
Ever rally at our side.

Summer songsters may depart—
Summer days and summer bloom—
But the dearest to the heart
Is the friend who shares our gloom.

EPITAPH.

Written for the gravestone of the Writer's old and esteemed friend,
Jas. R. Withers, the "Cambridgeshire Peasant Poet."

Reader—beneath thy feet, there lies
 The earth-part of a son of song,
 Who, like the Lark that heavenward flies,
 Or Nightingale the boughs among,
 Sang sweetly, sadly, joyfully,
 As hope or pathos touched the strings
 Deep in his heart of hearts, where lie
 Of song the clear perennial springs.
 The birds, the flowers, the rippling streams,
 The deep heart-throb of joy or woe,
 Each in its turn supplied the themes
 Which bade his touching music flow.
 Heaven dowered him with the gift divine,
 With song his fellow-men to cheer ;
 And heaven now claims his harp, to join
 In strains he emulated here.



MUSIC.

In this impassioned heart of mine
 The soul of music seems
 To flash and ring with charms divine,
 Like love's enchanting dreams.

Its wondrous harmonies unite
 Past sorrows, present joy ;
 And, in unspeakable delight,
 Blends them without alloy.

Its chords, like "echoes from our home,"
 Where angel voices swell
 Th' eternal chorus, seem to come
 In human breasts to dwell.

Mysterious yearnings stir the soul,
 We know not whence, nor why—
 Longings to flee from the control
 Of dull mortality !

And can such longings, sadly sweet,
 Within our breasts that burn,
 Spring from the clods beneath our feet,
 And to the clods return ?

No—like the *Phœnix* from the fire,
 They must, by death set free,
 Up to their only source aspire—
 The throne of Deity !

THE GOLD-CREST.

“The tiniest British bird, the Golden crested Wren.”—Suggested on reading an interesting article on the subject in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

The Autumn winds have swayed and torn the dead boughs from the trees
 In the lone pine woods of Norway, ere the rugged fjords freeze—
 In countless thousands to the ground the dead pine-needles fall,
 And cover all beneath them as with a funeral pall.
 Even the hardy lichen is now buried, and the air
 Seems fraught with loneliness and desolation every-
 where—
 The mists rise from the surging sea—the rocky heights begin
 To slowly don their snow-white caps ere Winter closes in.
 Yet now, amid the dreary tracts of forest comes a sound
 Of *cheeping* from the tiny throats of Gold-crests all around,
 In swarming myriads filling every cranny, nook, and tree,
 Ere they commence their journey o'er the stormy, wild
 North Sea.
 Of food there's been no storing, no husbanding of
 strength—
 They reck not for the journey, nor do they know its
 length;
 But with a wondrous impulse guiding them, and that
 alone,
 They launch, upon their fragile wings, into the great
 unknown.

Nor do they hesitate or shrink with all foreboding fear ;
Nor do they start in open day, when all is bright and clear ;
But, waiting for the darkness, they begin their tedious
flight,

Unheedful of all danger, *in the storm and in the night !*

But man, proud man, with might endued, and faculties of
soul,

To grasp the laws of Nature which the elements control,
Seeks ever some new theory by which he hopes to pry
Into the hidden mysteries that round his pathway lie ;

And when the storm-clouds lour, and darkness spreads
o'er all around,

And adverse winds and currents all his reckonings
confound,

He vainly gropes amid the gloom for some kind hand to
guide

His riven soul amid the mazes of black rocks and tide.

But Oh for grace to follow HIM, who said " This is the
way,"

And " walk ye in it"—and for strength to, like a child,
obey—

Renounce all notions of our own, and ready stand for
flight,

Though, like the Gold-crest, it *may* be *in the storm and*
in the night.

ON THE DEATH OF
ENGLAND'S POPULAR POETESS, ELIZA COOK,

23rd SEPTEMBER, 1889.

“Hang up her harp*”—her work is done ;
And the much-needed well-earned rest
Came sweetly as the setting sun
Sinks calmly in the glowing west.

Her's was a gift of thrilling song,
In which contention bore no part ;
But which, in accents kind yet strong,
Spoke feelingly, “from heart to heart.”

Life's joys and sorrows tuned her lyre
Alike to soul-inspiring lays—
This, of blest Hope's enkindling fire ;
That, to ennobling songs of praise.

Her tuneful hand the deepest chords
Of earth's delights and woes have swept,
Till our hearts bounded at the words,
Or else we, unrestrained, have wept.

* One of Miss Cook's favourite poems is entitled—
“Hang up his harp—he'll wake no more.”

And now that death has claimed its own,
And her deft hand shall ply no more
The subtle strings (which erst have grown
Part of ourselves) on earth's cold shore.

“ Hang up her harp ”—Her work is done !
Yet shall its echoes still survive,
While joy and sunshine hold their own,
And tears of sweet affection live.



GLEN ESK.

Addressed to Dr. D. Fairweather, Wood Green, Middlesex.

Glen Esk—Glen Esk—Thy treasured name has still a charm for me,
 Though years have vanished since my soul drank draughts of joy in thee.
 My feet, with muffled tread, had passed through Rosslyn's wondrous fane,
 And lingered where the armoured knights beneath the floor were lain ;
 My eyes had gazed in wonder on the carvings rich and rare,
 And I had heard the legend of the "Prentice Pillar" there.
 I'd roamed unhindered through the halls and dungeons—ruins now—
 Of the once stately castle, till a cloud o'erspread my brow,
 While thinking how the pride of power, and e'en religion too,
 Man's vengeful passions, wild and fierce, could sully and imbue !—
 I wandered down a sunny bank where luscious strawberries grew,
 Until the dancing glistening Esk anon came full in view.
 The tiny river o'er its bed of mighty boulders danced,
 And foamed, and whirled, as onward still its shining waters pranced ;

And, like a shock electric, soon its witching influence filled
My very soul with gladness, till with joy my pulses thrilled.
No more I thought of tyrants' rule, or man's envenomed
hate,

For joyous Nature reigned supreme, and I, with heart elate,
Felt I was once again a boy, and laughed and danced and
ran

And gamboll'd up and down the banks as only boyhood can.
Still onward, full of life and glee, I frolicked through the
glen,

Until a chateau came in view—historic Hawthornden !
At other times a Drummond's name had bound me like a
spell—

Much more the classic mansion where the Drummonds
used to dwell !

But, ah ! methinks if king or queen had been as near me
then,

No pageant would have lured my feet from that
enchanted glen.

Some six-and-twenty years have passed since that
delightful day,

And scenes historic met my gaze—have been and passed
away.

Tired of “the busy haunts of men,” and of their devious
ways,

I've often sought some charming spot to rest in after days ;
But never, till “this mortal coil” shall drop to earth again
And free me, shall I know the joy felt in that lovely glen.

BOTANICAL EMBLEMS.

“Tell the wish of thy heart in flowers,”
 Is a motto which, long ago,
 Inspired in my boyish heart the wish
 Still more of the flowers to know.

Methought how delightful 'twould be to feel
 A sentiment, word or thought,
 Expressed in each wayside gem we meet ;
 And it seemed with instruction fraught.

And I read and searched in the flowery lore
 Till each blossom seemed to tell
 Its own bright story of joy or love,
 And it bound me like a spell.

And oft as I roam by the wild wood side,
 Or climb to the mountain's brow,
 The emblems seen in each blossom then
 Seem still to enchant me now.

The *Hawthorn's* emblem still is *Hope*—
 That Hope which no change can move :
 The *Olive Branch* is the sign of *Peace*,
 And the *Myrtle* still means *Love*.

The *Balm* expresses *Sympathy* :
 The *Crocus* for *Smiles* appears :
 The *Aloe* still for *Affliction* stands,
 And *Helenium* for *Tears*.

The *Heather* stands for *Solitude* :
 For *Silence* the *Lotus Flower* ;
 And the *Amaryllis* represents
 The pomp of *Pride and Power*.
 The *Columbine* still is *Folly's* flower,
 And the *Aspen Tree* is *Grief* :
Canary Grass bids us *Persevere*,
 Aye, e'en till the yellow leaf.

The *Daisy*, *Innocence* portrays ;
 And the ever-green *Fir Tree*, *Time* :
 The *Moss Rose*, *Beauty* represents,
 And the *Cedar*, the *Sublime*.

The *Harebell* for *Submission* stands ;
 The *Dock* for *Patience* too :
 The *Rosemary* for *Remembrance*, and
 For *Sorrow* the sombre *Yew*.

We see in the fadeless *Amaranth* flower,
 The sign of immortal *Faith*—
 That faith alone which defies the power
 Of the *Cypress's* emblem, *Death*.



A CASTAWAY.

"The next land we made was St. Paul's and Amsterdam Islands, which are little more than barren rocks. Here we sent two boats' crews away fishing, while the Captain, Doctor, and myself went on shore on Amsterdam Island, where we found reeds and rushes growing, but no fresh water. While rambling about the island, we came upon a rudely constructed hut, in which we found the skeleton of a human being, which, to all appearance, had been there for many years. By its side there was a tinder-box with flint and steel—part of an old wooden chest, and a few decayed and worm-eaten remains of a seaman's dress—the whole of which we left just as we found them."—*Life in a South Sea Whaler* (1832).

By T. W. BOWBYES.

'Neath a rude hut there lay what once had been
 A human form—a man of stalwart frame—
 The casket of a soul, whose light serene
 Had erst illumed it with a deathless flame.

But now that soul had fled, and only now
 Remained the bleaching time-worn skeleton ;
 Nor aught beside to tell us when or how
 He came to dwell this lonely rock upon.

The old sea-chest—the remnants of his dress—
 Tell their own tale—a sailor's bones are here :
 Perchance from shipwreck, and in dire distress
 He died, exiled from all he held most dear.

The tinder-box—the ashes of a fire
 Which his lone hands had lighted long ago,
 Tell of a beacon, and intense desire
 T' attract the vessels passing to and fro.

Ah ! who can tell how, worn with long suspense,
 And watching day and night, he lingered here ;
 Alternate filled with hope and fear intense—
 Scanning with eager gaze th' horizon drear ?

How, when at last heart-sick with hope deferred—
 In silent grief—unseen by human eye—
 Unsolaced by a kind, a parting word—
 He laid him down within his hut to die..

No friendly hand to wipe the falling tear,
 Or lay him 'neath the lonely islet's sod ;
 His weary frame was left to moulder here—
 His spirit soared up to its Maker—GOD.



TO AN OLD FLUTE.

Dear relic of long vanished years—
 Companion of my boyhood's spring—
 Thoughts “that do lie too deep for tears,”
 Thou canst from memory's casket bring.

Near the old home—when evening spread
 Its gloaming, like a curtain round ;
 And shadow after shadow sped
 Still deeper o'er th' enchanted ground ;

 Oft have I on a bank reclined
 At ease, my sole companion thou ;
 And with the murmuring of the wind
 Have made thy sweet, soft music flow.

The plashing of the clear cascade,
 Soft mingling with the zephyr's sigh,
 And blackbird's mellow tones have made
 A chorus for thee ever nigh.

Again—upon the mighty deep—
 A ship-boy wandering far from home—
 When in “mid-watch” insidious sleep
 Would o'er my wearied eyelids come ;

 To rouse me, and my mates to cheer,
 Thou, my companion tried and true,
 Hast poured thy pipings loud and clear
 Across the moon-lit waters blue.

Then did the lonely sea-birds' cry—
 The night-wind's melancholy croon—
 The flapping of the cords on high—
 Supply their chorus to thy tune.

And now, although long laid at rest,
 Thy notes from memory's deepest cell
 Re-echo, at the strange behest
 Of fitful fancy like a spell ;

And, with them, visions of the past,
 In glimmering, shadowy show, appear :
 Alas ! too sweet are they to last,
 But not too fleet to prompt a tear !

A tear—but not of vain regret,
 Such as the jaded soul oft moves ;
 A tear that thrills with memories yet
 Of youth's fond hopes, and joys, and loves !



TO G.O.H.**A Reply.**

O would'st thou strike the triple chord
Of Hope, and Sympathy, and Love ;
Till every line and every word
The passions of the soul shall move ?

Would'st thou in dulcet accents, soothe
The tremor of an aching breast ?
Or in intense compassion smooth
The pillow where the weary rest ?

Would'st thou an influence benign
Bring to the home of toil and care ?
Or thrill with notes almost divine,
The bosom bordering on despair ?

Would'st thou a smile once more impart
To features long inured to woe ?
Or in the well-nigh bursting heart
Inspire once more a cheerful glow ?

'T were well—but canst, Oh canst thou bear
 The painful training that shall bring
 Thy mirthful hand in tune with care,
 And teach thee, with the sad, to sing?

Canst thou behold thy friends depart,
 And leave thee desolate and lone ;
 And many a warm and kindred heart
 Grow callous as a heart of stone ?

Canst thou endure the icy touch
 Of death, like an insidious spell,
 On those whom now thou lovest much—
 Hast loved as only thou canst tell ?

Canst thou to sorrow bare thy breast,
 And welcome toil, and grief, and pain,
 Till from the harp at thy behest
 Shall come the sympathetic strain ?

If not, Oh ! envy not the lays
 That other, sadder bards may sing ;
 Nor doubt the wisdom and the grace
 That bids thee tune the major string.

But let thy willing fingers play
 Life's joyful chords, till thou shalt see
 That strength, sufficient for each day,
 Is needed for thy song, and thee.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

On Her Birthday.

The Robin's gentle warble
In the summer-time of song,
Is lost amid the music
Of the tuneful feathered throng ,

So may my simple ditty,
Mid many a worthier lay
From abler pens, seem faulty,
On this auspicious day.

But if I, like the Robin,
Take but a feeble part ;
Like him, I send a greeting,
Unstudied from the heart.





"CYMRU FU."*

Written for the *Cardiff Weekly Mail*.

LIVES—In the glorious memories of the past—
 The sacred memories of the long ago,
 Which thrill the soul e'en as a trumpet blast,
 And set the nation's life-blood all aglow.

LIVES—In its language which has been of old,
 The mode of speech o'er all our favoured isle,
 Of song and culture, when barbarians held
 The rest of Europe in their thrall the while.

LIVES—Like the Phœnix from the blazing pyre,
 Now rising ever upward, onward, free,
 With one grand impulse and intense desire
 Towards a great and honoured destiny.
 God speed thee, Gwalia, and thine efforts bless,
 And crown thee with the guerdon of success.



A NATION'S PRAYER.

On the marriage of H. R. H. The Duke of York.

God bless them—From a myriad hearts,
 And myriad tongues, ascend,
 The prayers which loyalty imparts ;
 And love and duty blend
 In one united wish that life
 To them may happy prove ;
 And, in a world where storms are rife,
 Retain each other's love.

God bless them—From Australia's plains,
 Beneath the gum-tree's shade—
 From India and Ceylon, where reigns
 Peace in each palmy glade—
 From Canada, whose woods resound
 With settlers' toil and glee—
 God bless them, comes with glad rebound
 Across the deep blue sea.

God bless them, and in years to come—
 Whatever may befall—
 Preserve our native island home
 From anarchy and thrall ;
 And o'er the grandest empire, yet,
 The world has ever seen,
 Still bless, until life's sun has set,
 Our future King and Queen.

THE OLD HOME.

The old home—Ah, the old home, how the heart turns
back to thee,

No matter where or duty calls, or pleasure bids us
roam ;

Still, though at “earth's remotest bounds,” on either land
or sea,

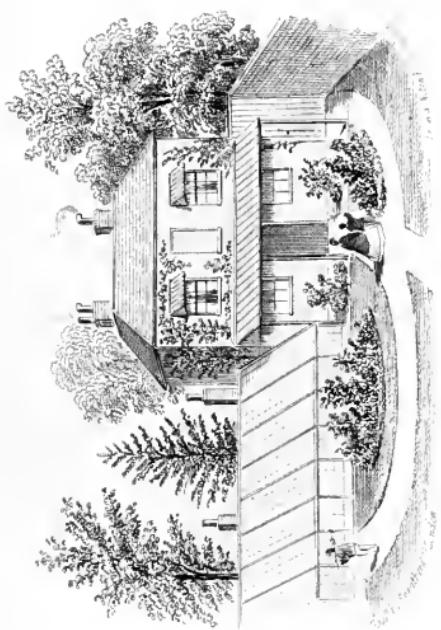
One word can reach the inmost soul—that magic word
is, Home.

The old home—Ah, the old home, I think I see thee still,
Surrounded by the flowers we tended in the long ago—
The nooks and corners where we played—and feel again
the thrill

Of joy that filled our glad young hearts with sunshine
all aglow.

The writer has always been of opinion that the most vital part of a nation's training is performed by mothers in their own family circles. Many instances have come under his notice during a somewhat observant life, and he selects the following as typical of the many. - His cousin and namesake, who, like all the family, had a predilection for the sea, entered the Royal Navy as a boy during the Russian War (about 1855), and is now serving as a warrant officer on board the Royal Yacht *Osborne*. On paying him a visit off Port Victoria in 1891, the writer, knowing that no man is ever appointed to either of the Royal Yachts who has a single mark against his name during his service in the Navy, asked him to what he attributed his remarkable record during such long service, under almost all circumstances and in every part of the world? His reply was—“When I bade my mother good-bye, she laid her hand upon my head and said ‘God bless you my boy, and wherever you are, and whatever company you may be in, think of me and Do the Right, and all will be well.’”

That mother lies in the God's acre surrounding the ancient village Church at Chalk, near Gravesend. There is no record of her work on earth, but its effect will never die.



I see the smiling faces yet, that round the ingle pressed,
 And, in the flickering firelight, sang our wonted
 evensong;

Though many of the singers have been gently laid to rest
 Beneath the spreading yew-trees' shade in peace—Ah
 me! so long.

But one, above all others, down the vista of the years,
 In memory's living pictures of our childhood's days that
 come,

One loving form predominates—one smiling face appears,
 Whose name, the only word that strikes a deeper chord
 than Home—

In all the ups and downs of life, in trouble and in joy,
 If in our breasts are promptings to perform some nobler
 part,

'Tis from the blest remembrance of the love without alloy—
 The precept and example from a tender Mother's heart.

'Tis that which makes our Kentish men, the patriots of
 to-day,

Fresh from the smiling hop-grounds, and the orchards
 rich and rare,

Go forth in all their manhood's prime to mingle in the
 fray,

When duty and when freedom call, no matter when or
 where.

There's many a Spartan Mother who, in faith and trust
in God,
Has trained her boys to trust Him too, and learn to do
the right ;
And when her task was over, has been laid beneath the sod,
Unknown to fame—but resting till the morn succeeds
the night.

And *then*, when all is open, and “the mists have cleared
away,”
Their filial devotion to our lives when just begun
Will shine before the angels in the light of that Great Day,
And receive the Father's benison, “Ye faithful souls,
well done!”



A SEVERED LINK.

Suggested on hearing of the death of Miss Rosa Mackenzie Kettle, author of "Smugglers and Foresters," "On Liethay's Banks," "The Wreckers," "The Magic of the Pine Woods," etc. etc., and many beautiful poems. The writer was honoured with Miss Kettle's friendship for nearly twenty years.

Another link is severed
 From Friendship's shortening chain,
 Leaving us still more jealous of
 The few that still remain.

Another voice is silenced—
 Another hand laid low,
 Whose fingers deftly wove the themes
 Which charmed us long ago :—

" The Magic of the Pine Woods"—
 The scenes " On Leithay's banks ;"
 The sylvan glades where lovers meet—
 The children's merry pranks—

The haunts of old-time " Smugglers
 And Foresters'" retreats—
 The wild scenes where " The Wreckers " dwelt ;
 And many a hero's feats—

Strains, too, of sweetest music,
Born of the sacred fire
Within her soul, her fingers wrought
Upon the tuneful lyre—

Strains which shall still re-echo
In many a weary breast ;
And peace and comfort bring to them
At sympathy's behest

And now she's sweetly sleeping
Where her loved wild-flowers bloom ;
A fellow-singer fain would wreath
A chaplet for her tomb.



HOW SHALL I SING ?

A Reply.

Sing like the Lark at early morn
 While mounting up on high—
 On wings of faith and love upborne
 Towards the clear blue sky ;

Forgetful of all troubles past—
 Of trials great and long—
 Unmindful that a sky o'ercast
 May mar thy evensong.

Sing like the Thrush that seeks the shade
 Amid the heat of day ;
 While hill and dale and leafy glade
 Re-echo his glad lay.

Sing like the Blackbird when at eve
 The gloaming spreads around
 Its mantle, and all hearts that grieve
 Grow calmer with the sound ;

And as his mellow notes prolong,
 Borne on the zephyr's wing ;
 So may the burden of thy song
 Sweet consolation bring.

Sing like the Nightingale whose note,
E'en in the midnight hour,
Seems on the lambent air to float
With a celestial power.

So may thy lay, when darkness flings
Its ebon veil around,
Dispel the faint heart's murmurings
With its inspiring sound ;

And in the breast that's steep'd in woe,
Infuse a cheering ray ;
Till comes the soul-transporting glow
Of the returning day.



THE COTTAGE HOMES OF KENT.

Suggested on visiting the quiet "God's acre" at Upnor, near Rochester, and noting the last resting place of Henry Joseph Pocock. *

Kent—If upon the roll of fame
 No sons of thine appeared—
 Sons who have earned a deathless name—
 In homes of luxury reared ;

Thou still could'st boast a phalanx grand,
 Of men, and women, too ;
 Stalwart and strong of heart and hand,
 And true as steel is true.

Reared in their country cottage homes,
 The birthplace of the free,
 Whence of life's nobler actions comes
 The guerdon, Kent, to thee.

Beneath this green turf-covered grave,
 Wrapt in his last long sleep,
 Lies one as loyal and as brave
 As ever roamed the deep.

* Henry Joseph Pocock, for over 60 years a fisherman on the river Medway, died at Upnor, in November, 1892.

His two sons, Frank and Edward, accompanied Mr. (now Sir) H. M. Stanley in one of his earlier expeditions to Africa, where they did him, as he has many times avowed, gallant service, and where they both died—one on the march to Uganda, and the other in the rapids of the Congo.

Henry's brother, Francis, was coxwain to Sir John Franklin, and perished with his chief in the Arctic regions—and of Henry himself, the testimony of Sir Edwin Arnold in the *Daily Telegraph*, is, "One of the best men I ever knew."

To speak the truth and do the right,
Ever his mottoes were ;
And, in their cause, no valiant knight
Could nobler do or dare.

Duty, the watchword of his clan,
Could call, nor called in vain ;
And 'neath its banner, to a man,
They served without a stain.

A brother's loved remains repose
With Franklin's gallant band,
In regions where eternal snows
Hide deep the Arctic strand.

And his two sons, as brave and true,
Left this, their village home,
With Stanley's tried and trusted crew,
In Afric's wilds to roam ;

And there, beneath the burning sun,
Have found a peaceful bed—
Have joined (their duty nobly done)
The ranks of "England's dead."

The glorious ranks who freely gave
Their strength, their lives, their all
For science, and to bid the slave
Go free, at Britain's call.

They sleep beneath the frozen snow,
 Or 'neath the burning sand,
 Or where bluebells and violets grow
 In this their native land.

No sculptured stone points out the spot--
 No blazoned scroll their deeds--
 Their very names perchance forgot,
 When come the heroes' meeds.

Yet, 'tis their strength, their love has built
 Our Kent up strong and free ;
 And we, her sons, the blood thus spilt,
 Embalm in memory.

And still—'tis all we have to give—
 Throughout the coming days ;
 While in our hearts their memories live,
 Our grateful pœans raise.



NATIONAL, or PATRIOTIC ANTHEM.

For the Inhabitants of the Island of Tristan d'Acunha.

Wrapt in the solemn sound
 Of ocean all around,
 Upon our rugged, wind-swept island home ;
 Far from the busy world,
 Th' Atlantic waves are hurled,
 Against our rocky shores in mist and foam.

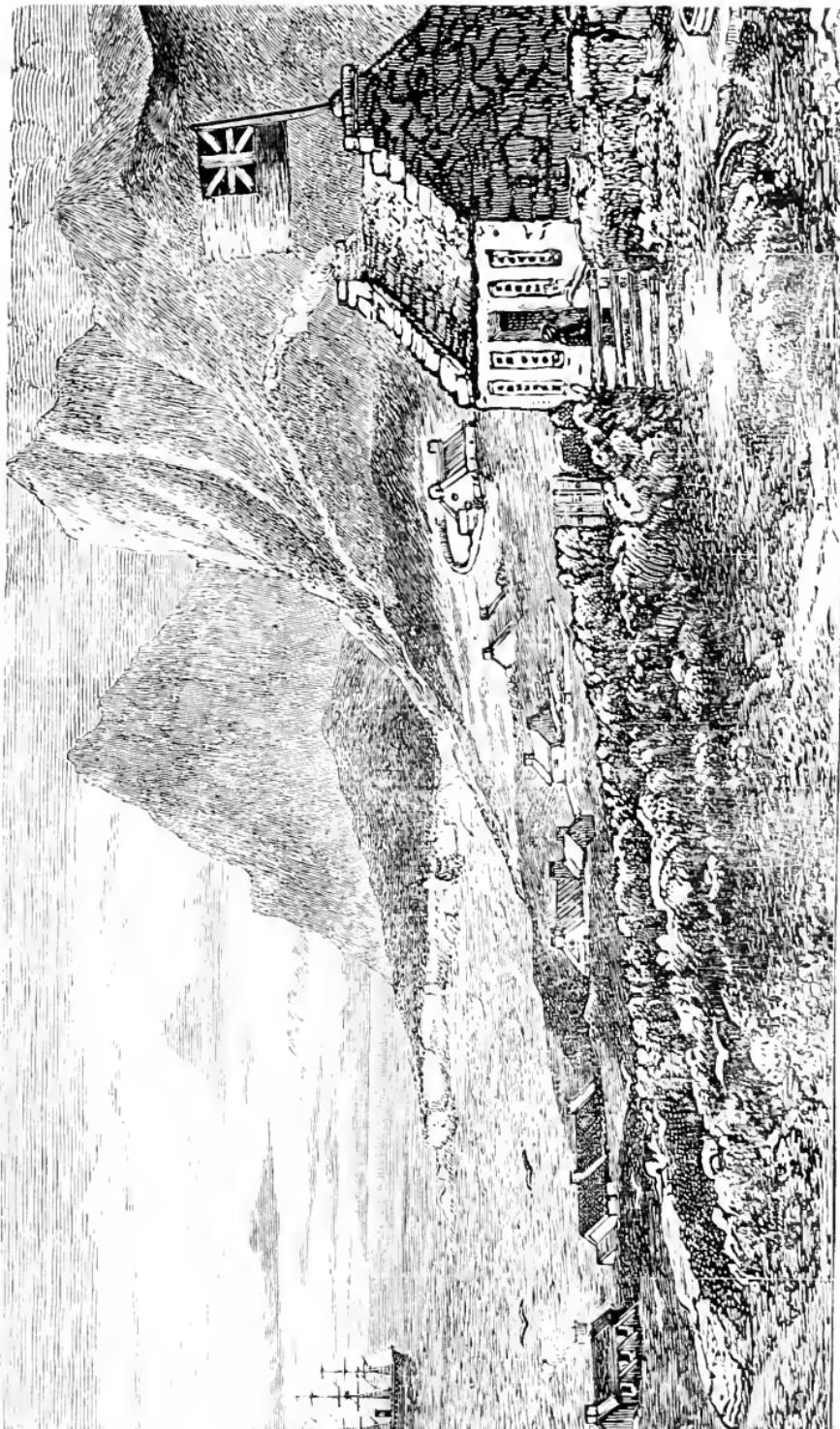
Yet here in peace we dwell,
 By ocean guarded well,
 And the old flag that flutters in the breeze :
 Though circumscribed we be,
 We live as near to Thee,
 O God, as those who dwell 'mid calmer seas.

Now while our prayer ascends
 To Thee, whose ear attends
 The single suppliant, or a nation's call ;
 Oh ! do Thou deign to bless
 With health and happiness,
 Our Queen, and keep us loyal, one and all.

And, the wide earth around,
 Where Britain's flag is found,
 Let Liberty still flourish fresh and green :
 And bid us all rejoice,
 " And sing with heart and voice,"
 The glad refrain, " God save our gracious Queen."

THE ISLAND OF TRISTAN D'ACUNHA

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"ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"







PETER WILLIAM GREEN,
Governor of Tristan d'Acunha.

THE COTTAGE NEAR THE SHORE.

“I attended Divine service in the morning at the cottage used as a Church, which was well filled, most of the inhabitants being present, and joining in the singing and other parts of the service.”—*From the Report of Captain Brooke, R.N., in the Government Blue Book on Tristan d'Acunha.*

The morning sun shone bright
 On the tiny sea-girt isle ;
 And glinted round the mountain's height,
 Like a golden crown the while—
 The fresh sea-breezes fanned
 With ozone pure and free,
 And the surges broke on that speck of land
 In the boundless Southern sea.
 But another sound was heard
 In a cottage near the shore,
 Above the scream of the wild sea bird
 And the tumbling breakers' roar :
 'Twas the day the people loved
 The best of all the seven,
 For then that humble cottage proved
 The vestibule of Heaven !
 The island chief, now grey
 And bent with the weight of years,
 Who has led his confreres day by day
 Amid all their hopes and fears,
 Had read from the sacred Word
 The message of peace and love,

And the islanders' inmost hearts were stirred
 By the tidings from above ;
 And they sang a well-known hymn,
 In accents strong and clear ;
 And in soulful notes the Seraphim
 *Ever rejoice to hear.
 No sacerdotal band
 Of worshippers were they ;
 But stout of heart and strong of hand—
 Earnest at work or play.
 On many a fearful night,
 When the storm-fiend hovered nigh,
 And his wings, 'mid the lightning's vivid light,
 Flapped 'neath the ebon sky—
 When a hapless ship has driven
 On the rugged, wild lee shore ;
 And her timbers crashed, as by demons riven,
 And all hope for the crew was o'er—
 Then have these stalwart men,
 By the grand old chieftain led,
 Restored them back to earth again
 From the dreaded ocean bed !
 And the women, brave and true
 As heroes' wives should be,
 Have carefully fed and nursed them through
 Their helpless misery.
 Though to the world unknown
 Their glorious deeds have been ;
 The recording Angel oft has flown
 With messages unseen,

Up to the Throne above,
 From that tiny island sod ;
 And the cottage resounds with zeal and love,
 Where the people worship God.

Tristan d' Acunha is situated in the South Atlantic Ocean, 1,200 miles from St. Helena and 1,500 from the Cape. It is about 20 miles in circumference, and the central peak rises to the height of 8,000 feet. The inhabitants number about 100, and the Rev. E. H. Dodgson was vicar there for some years, but being invalided home, the head man or governor, Peter Wm. Green, has performed that, as well as magisterial and other duties ever since.

Although thus isolated, the inhabitants have done splendid work in regard to saving life from shipwreck, and succouring them afterwards, often when the island stock of provisions has run low.

The writer's brother-in-law, the late Captain James Anderson, was rescued with the whole of his crew from the sinking ship 'Sir Ralph Abercrombie,' in 1868, and experienced the utmost kindness at the hands of Mr. Green and the rest of the inhabitants.

The exact number of lives that Mr. Green has been instrumental in saving during his sixty years residence on the island is probably unknown, but they certainly amount to hundreds.

The British Government sent him a life boat to aid him in his noble endeavours, while the President of the United States presented him with a gold chronometer and chain, and the King of Italy recently sent him a handsome medal, with an illuminated testimonial together with the sum of forty pounds to be divided among the islanders for their humane and heroic conduct in rescuing, and afterwards succouring the crews of ships belonging to their respective countries, and last, but by no means least, our beloved Queen has presented him with a portrait of herself, in a handsome carved and gilded frame, three feet by four, and surmounted by a crown, in acknowledgment of the life work of the 'grand old man,' who holds the world's record for saving life from shipwreck.

The accompanying portrait of Mr. Green is, by permission, from "The Graphic."



KENTISH VOLUNTEERS.

Tune—*Men of Kent.*

Written for a “Grand Bazaar,” held in aid of the funds of the 1st
Kent Artillery Volunteers. ‡

In all the by-gone ages
Of glory and renown,
Which history’s time-worn pages
To us have handed down ;
When e’er our grand old country’s need
Has called her sons to render
A helping hand, Kent in the van
Came forward to defend her.

CHORUS—“ Then sing in praise of the Men of Kent,
So loyal, brave and free,”
And, to a man, aye, in the van,
The Men of Kent shall be.

Since Norman William met them
Near Swanscombe wood of old,
And, trying hard to get them
To join his followers bold,
He all their ancient rights and laws
To them at once conceded—
The men of Kent in Freedom’s cause
Have ever stood when needed.

CHORUS—“ Then sing in praise,” &c.

‡ Shortly after the opening ceremony each day, Miss Pinero sang, accompanied by the band, a song written by Mr. George Newman (Lloegrynn), entitled ‘Kentish Volunteers.’”

When France would have invaded
Our homes in fifty-nine,
Our yeomen enfiladed
In one unbroken line ;
And ever since their sons have stood—
Should our old country need 'em—
In all their native hardihood,
For liberty and freedom.

CHORUS—“Then sing in praise,” &c.

Then let a nation's blessing
Attend our Volunteers ;
And their right hands possessing
Through all the coming years.
Come peace, come war, on this rely :—
Their strong hearts true and steady
Will ever 'bide on Freedom's side,
And ready stand, aye, ready.

CHORUS—“Then sing in praise of the men of Kent,
So loyal, brave and free,”
And, to a man, aye, in the van
The Men of Kent shall be.

IS THERE A SONG MORE SWEET,
MORE DEAR ?

Is there a song more sweet, more dear
To me than all on earth beside ;
In sorrow's gloomy vale to cheer ;
In doubt's dark labyrinths to guide ?

There is !—and while I fondly trace
Through the long vista of the years,
Now all gone by—the dear loved place
Where first I heard it re-appears.

'Twas by the fire-light's flickering glow
Disporting 'mid the shadows dim,
In mellow cadence, clear and slow,
Welled out the words of that sweet hymn.

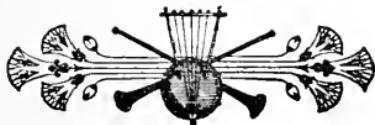
The singer—who was then to me—
Whose memory all through life has been—
My fancy's type of what would be
An angel, if by mortals seen—

My mother !—Long, long years ago,
We laid her earthly form to rest ;
Yet still that hymn's perennial glow,
Burns, as of yore, within my breast.

I've sung it when life's sunbeams shone,
When flower-strewn paths my footsteps trod ;
And sung it when earth's joys were gone,
Leaving me nothing but my God.

Now, as the lengthening shadows fall,
At waning of life's little day,
That Faith and Hope and Trust are all
Left for my soul's support and stay.

And when all else grows faint and dim,
Near death's advancing rolling tide ;
I fain would sing that dear old hymn,
And singing, reach the other side !





A FRIEND.

Written for the writer's old friend G. O. Howell's "Album Amicorum."

Blest is the man who owns a friend,
Long-tried and trusted, firm and true ;
Whose love no sudden storm can rend,
Nor calumny disperse like dew.

One who is ever by his side
When of a helping hand in need ;
And who, when weal or woe betide
His path, remains a friend indeed.

In this vain world of shams and show,
Of fickle fortune, wild unrest,
While joys may come or comforts go,
He who has one such friend is blest.



TO THE HAREBELL.

(Campanula Rotundifolia).

Suggested by a rustic box of Harebells and Heather in full bloom on the writer's window sill.

Hail, dearest of all Nature's flowers !
 Thy fragile bells to me
 Bring memories sweet of by-gone hours,
 Of song and melody—

Of scenes where, in the long ago,
 Ere care its shadow threw
 Around my pathway's sunny glow,
 And earth, to me, was new.

Buoyant I wandered, glad and free,
 Amid the flowerets wild ;
 My bosom filled with artless glee—
 A Nature's true-born child.

I brought ye from a sun-bathed hill,
 Where brakes and heather bloom,
 And golden gorse, and pine trees, fill
 The air with choice perfume.

And now ye share a welcome place,
 Beside the window pane ;
 Like some old friend whose long lost face
 Gladdens my soul again.

Long may ye flourish, and imbue
This unstrung heart of mine
With memories of affection true—
Echoes of chords divine,

Still lingering on the flaccid strings—
Oh, now so slow to move !
But, like the lark that soars and sings,
Will be re-tuned above.



"SHE, BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH."

Suggested on seeing the above quotation on the back of the title page of "Poems and Miscellaneous Pieces," by the late Anne A. Fremont.

"She, being dead, yet speaketh," and we cannot choose
but hear

Her words of "Truth and Wisdom," so musical and clear:
They charm us with their rhythm, and in sympathy along
They bear us with the 'witching art and melody of song.

Now they are soft and soothing, as she sweetly sings of
"Love;"

And then, with gentle cadence, into symphony they move,
While singing of "Old Faces," and "Old Memories,"
which Time

Through years of its transforming touch has made
almost sublime.

And now she strikes the major key in no uncertain tones,
In words which ought to ring alike round cottages and
thrones,

While singing of the law divine of Light and Truth and
Right,

And the antipodes of helpless mortals—"Human Might."

"She, being dead, yet speaketh"—Ay, and may her heart-
felt song

Around our hearths and homesteads linger lovingly and
long;

And many a heart with sorrow crushed, and bosom
'whelmed with care,

Live to bless God they heard her sing, and found their
comfort there.

MEN OF KENT AND KENTISH MEN.

Suggested on reading in the newspapers an appeal for men and funds in case of invasion.

Men of Kent and Kentish Men !
 Forward, to the front again !
 Form the vanguard* now as when
 In the days of long ago,
 When our grand old country stood
 In her native hardihood,
 Undismayed and unsubdued,
 With on every hand a foe.

With their seasoned yew-bows bent,
 Kentish Men and Men of Kent
 Led the van with full intent
 To succeed or fighting die ;
 And their scions hand to hand,
 A compact, determined band,
 Now with deadly rifle stand
 To be led to victory !

* *John of Salisbury* in his "Polycrasticon" says:—"As a reward of that signal courage which our Kent with great eagerness and steadiness shewed against the Danes, they do, to this day, lay claim to the honour of the first ranks, and the first onset in all engagements."

No aggressive action their's,
 But their flag INVICTA bears ;
 And if foreign foeman dares
 Land upon our native shore,
 He shall meet the full intent
 Of Kentish Men and Men of Kent,
 Shoulder to shoulder grimly blent,
 And shall see his home no more !

Kentish natives peaceful dwell
 In the land they love so well ;
 But their vengeance who can tell,
 Should their homes in peril be ?
 To a man, the rallying cry
 Would resound through earth and sky :—
 “Shoulder to shoulder fighting die,
 Or a glorious victory !”



FATHER—DON'T SEE THE BLOTS!

"On reaching home one evening, tired and somewhat dispirited, my little girl brought me her copy book, which she had just completed. The pages were very neatly written, and I told her what a pleasure it was to see how careful she had been. Presently we came to one on which were two small blots. As she turned the page, the little hand was laid upon them, and, looking up into my face with an artlessness that was so beautiful, she said :—Father—Don't see the blots!" G.H.G.

"For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust.
Psalm ciii., 14.

When, at the close of day
We draw the curtain round us, and review
The motives, thoughts and actions by the way,
And get a verdict true;

How do our best resolves
Sink into insignificance, as we
Painfully find that, from them, oft evolves
Sin and infirmity!

Even the brightest page
Is marred by inconsistencies and spots;
And the child's prayer alike suits youth and age:
"Father—Don't see the blots!"

Each footfall on life's way
Is thick beset with gins and traps and snares;
And if the Lord uphold us not each day
We stumble unawares!

O may we ever plead,
In every path of life which He allots,
For guidance, and our prayer in mercy heed!
"Father—Don't see the blots!"



REST.

The late Dr. R. Innes Nisbett—*In Memoriam.*

Rest, to the faint and weary—
 Rest, at the long day's close—
 Rest, after tiresome marching, comes
 In evening's sweet repose.

And he, who long has laboured
 With hand and heart and head
 For others' weal, by night and day,
 By loving kindness led,

Now that life's day is ended,
 And heart and hand no more
 Respond to sympathy's behest,
 Rests till the night is o'er.

His frame, in God's own keeping,
 Rests with its kindred clay,
 Until the glorious dawn shall break
 In everlasting day;

And his unfettered spirit
In Heaven's eternal rest
Has found its long-sought dwelling-place—
A loving Saviour's breast.

We, who have sainted dear ones
Among the angels now,
Whose dying moments he has soothed,
And calmed each throbbing brow,

Will with affection cherish
His memory in our breast,
Until our world-tired heart and hands,
Like his, find perfect rest.



A BRIGHTER DAY.

The writer recently received a letter from a friend, which concluded with these words:—"I hope you may, even yet, be upon the threshold of a brighter day." Though not exactly in the spirit in which the kind wish was expressed, it suggested the following lines:—

A brighter day—a brighter day,
 Than earth has ever known,
 Since first the sun's meridian ray
 Upon its surface shone—
 Bright beyond all the dreams of bliss,
 'Neath skies of peerless blue,
 Where perfume-laden zephyrs kiss
 The flowers of every hue.

Full many a scene of beauty rare
 These eyes have gazed upon,
 Unsullied by a thought of care,
 In days long past, and gone ;
 With many a form and many a face
 Whose bright eyes' tender gleams
 Made sacred many a trysting place,
 In days of love's young dreams.

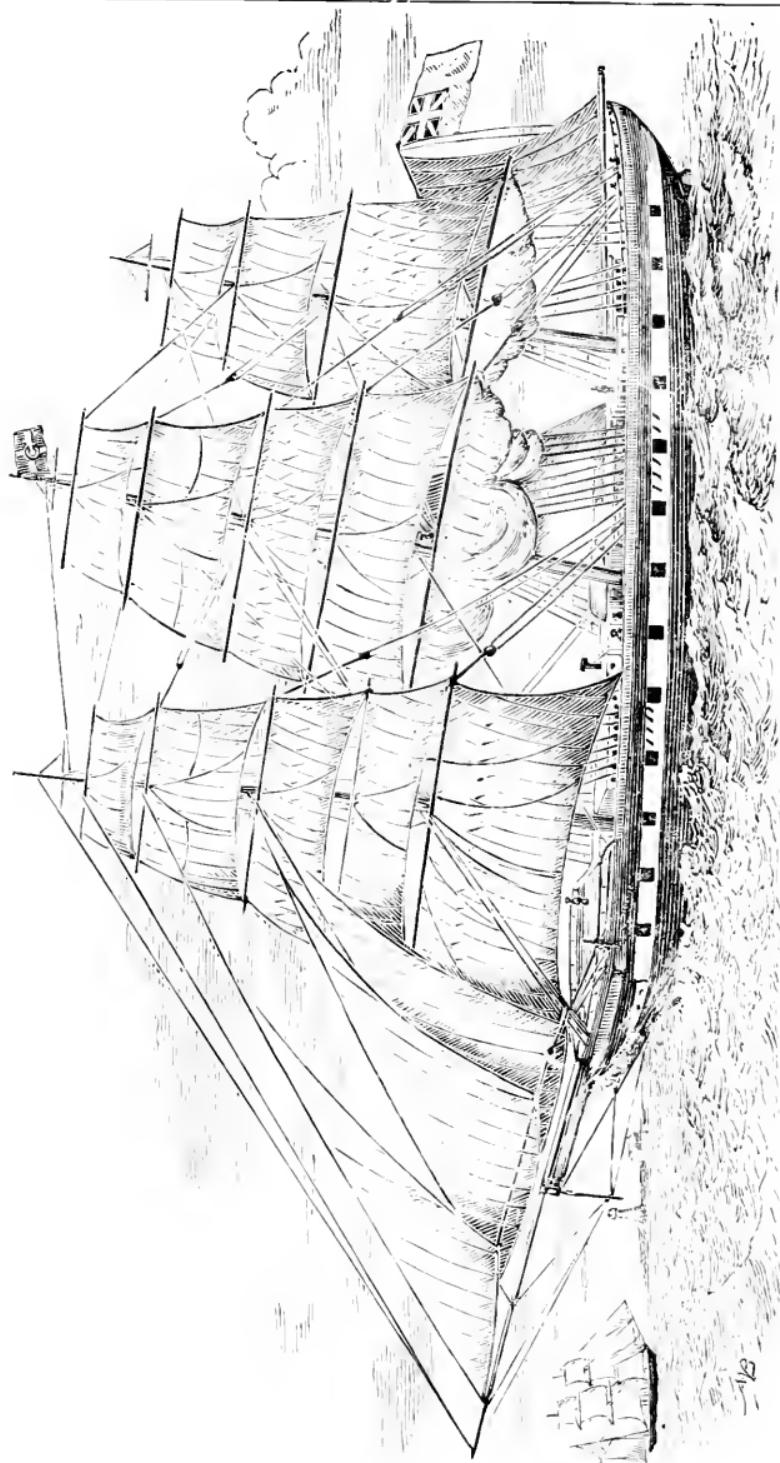
Now, through the vista of the years,
 From memory's casket come
 Old scenes, where sweet affection rears
 Love's altar in the home ;
 And, at its call, the notes of joy
 And praise, while gathered round
 In unity, without alloy,
 From that old hearth resound.

The weeks, and months, and years have fled—
 The sunshine and the rain—
 The joy which o'er my pathway shed
 Its beams—the transient pain ;
 And loved ones, who were more to me
 Than life itself, now join
 The chorus by the crystal sea,
 In harmony divine.

Oh ! it were purest bliss to stand
 Where saints of old have trod—
 The threshold of the heavenly land,
 The vestibule of God ;
 Where now, with but a step between,
 The beaming faces wait—
 Brows radiant with the glory-sheen—
 Beyond the jasper gate.

No aching hearts, no tear-dimmed eyes,
 No world-tired feet are there ;
 No doubts or fears to mar their joys,
 But bliss beyond compare.
 O, for a soul-transforming ray
 From Christ's transcendent throne -
 The dawning of a brighter day
 Than earth has ever known !





FROM A SKETCH BY
CPTN CARPENTER

THE CLIPPER SHIP "BENARES"

REFLECTIONS.

On being presented by Capt. E. Carpenter with a pen-and-ink sketch of the clipper ship *Benares*, for some years commanded by the writer's late brother-in-law, James Anderson

As on the portrait of a friend
 Of long ago we fondly gaze,
 With feelings, sweet and sad, which blend
 In memories of bygone days ;

So this presentment brings to me
 Reflections of the long ago—
 Of visions of the deep blue sea,
 Now softened by Time's after-glow—

Of anxious waiting the return
 Of loved ones from a distant clime—
 Of meetings of true hearts which yearn
 With filial love untouched by Time—

Of tales of heroism born
 Of kinship with the Viking race ;
 Deeds which ennable and adorn
 Our sailors with perennial grace—

Of memories of the dread Typhoon,
 Whose murderous fury, known too well,
 Makes the horizon dark at noon,
 With its wild rushing, fierce and fell.

Nought could withstand the fearful blast
 Which rendered human efforts vain ;
 As crashing fell each quivering mast,
 'Mid roaring of the wind and main.

With helm adrift, and timbers riven,
 All hopes to save the ship were o'er ;
 When, helplessly and fiercely driven,
 She struck the pitiless lee shore.

And there, beneath the engulphing wave,
 Beside the Isle of far Loo-choo,
 Our dear ones found a sailor's grave—
 Died, as they lived, like Britons true.

No monument points out the spot
 Where, calmly in their ocean bed,
 They rest—to them it matters not—
 Rest till the sea gives up its dead.

To us may their example be
 A spur to answer duty's call ;
 And whether on the land or sea,
 Like men and Britons stand or fall.



WAR LYRIC.

Suggested on reading a letter from a fine stalwart fellow in Australia (a native of Kent), and who, in writing of the Australian Contingent for the war in South Africa, adds:—"If you want us, we'll ALL come."

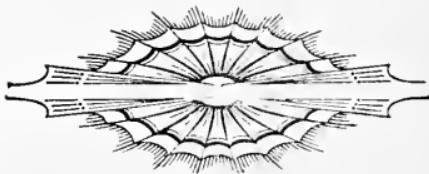
Well may the nations look askance
 At our old country's glory ;
 To see her in the van advance,
 Though with the centuries hoary.
 To see her in her noonday prime,
 Still unimpaired by lapse of time,
 March onward with a strength sublime,
 Like gods in song and story.

To see her sons from near and far,
 All ready stand, and willing,
 When sounds the fearful note of war,
 Their dauntless hearts instilling
 With conscious pride of strength and grace,
 Inherent in the grand old race
 Which gained their native land the place
 She now is nobly filling.

To see, across th' Atlantic, come
 Canadian troopers steering
 Straight to their old ancestral home,
 Nor dallying, nor veering ;
 While from Australia's far-off strand,
 A well-equipped and sturdy band
 Are hastening to the motherland,
 With patriotic cheering.

And why ? It is on Freedom's side
Old England now engages
To tear the mask of wrong aside,
As, all adown the ages,
Her aim has been to do the right ;
And now, with concentrated might,
Since she has been compelled to fight,
War with the tyrant wages.

With a resistless, ringing cheer,
Her sons, in battle blending,
Rush to the charge, nor doubt, nor fear
Its one and only ending ;
For as succeeds to night, the day,
O'er Africa dawns Freedom's ray,
And, where it comes, it comes to stay,
And Heaven the right defending.



••• Addenda. •••

ADDENDA.

It has been suggested that the following from the "Newcastle Weekly Chronicle," dated 26th July, 1890, will be read with interest:—

"On the occasion of the marriage of *Mr. Stuart Rendel's daughter to the son of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Geo. Newman wrote a poem in commemoration of the occasion. Written at the suggestion of a resident (Mrs. Ceiriog Hughes) on Tyneside, these verses were printed in silver on green enamelled cards, and distributed amongst the guests on the wedding day—a compliment that was as unexpected as it was graceful."

Up, Heralds ! sound the *Hirlas* on this auspicious morn,
 And with flags of every nation each house and street
 adorn ;
 For to-day will be united two names which, sweetly
 blent,
 Are hailed e'en from Newcastle to the quiet vales of
 Kent.

On every hand the Saxon greets the son of such a sire,
 And for Rendel's lovely daughter peel the bells from
 tower and spire ;
 The Celtic sons of Ireland catch the echo with a cheer,
 And Scots of famed Midlothian hail the name as ever
 dear ;

* Now Lord Rendel, of Hatchlands, near Guildford.

While Britons proudly vieing, bear the joyous notes
along,
With Gwalia's peerless harpers all exuberant with song;
Till the quaint old town of Ha'rden, and Montgomery's
fertile vales,
Awake a ringing echo from the grand old hills of Wales.

May the happy pair united live for long, long years to
come,
And children grow up round them in their peaceful
country home;
And often as they wander by Ha'rden's towers and lake,
The tenderest retrospections in their heart of hearts
awake.

Their happy "Golden wedding" *we* shall not live to see,
But we know the honest greeting of a nation, noble,
free,
Awaits them, and our earnest heartfelt wish is that it
may,
In loving hallowed memories, be the reflex of to-day.



TO GEORGE OWEN HOWELL.

Suggested after visiting Coldrum (the Stonehenge of Kent)
in each other's company.

'Tis said the day of sentiment is past,
And poetry awaits its final doom ;
But thou well knowest that its charm will last,
While yet a wild-flower sheds its sweet perfume
Along the wayside, or a tear is shed
At meeting or at parting, or a song
Cheers life's tired travellers. Thou, whose sires among
The hills and dales of Kent to battle led
With their inspiring war songs, till each hill
Re-echoed with their lays, the Britons brave
To deeds heroic—deeds to-day which thrill
The heart and soul beside each cromlech grave—
Hast *felt* the fire divine no earthly leaven
Can quench, but its full climax waits, *in Heaven.*

EVENING HYMN.

The writer's old friend, Peter W. Green, of Tristan d'Acunha, says this hymn is a favourite with the fisher-folk in Holland—that he learned it at his mother's knee when a child, and has repeated it nightly throughout his long and useful life.

Ik leg mij neder om te slapen,
 Goede God, die altijd waakt !
 Wil mij in Uwgunst bewaren
 Als het kwade mij genaakt.

Ach ! vergeef mij al mijn zonden,
 Dan leg ik mijn hoofdje neer ;
 Dan doet dood noch hel my vreeren
 Want gij zijt mijn heil, o Heer !

Neem mijn ouders en mijn vrienden,
 In bewaren deren nacht ;
 Op dat morgen bij't ontwaken
 U de lof zijt toegebracht.

Amen.

EVENING HYMN.

Free translation of the foregoing, omitting the word *parents*, as Peter says he always did, as his parents died just after he left home.

Lord, whose eyelids never slumber ;

While I lay me down to sleep,

Guard me in Thy gracious favour,

And all evil from me keep.

May my sins be all forgiven,

Then my head in peace shall rest ;

Death nor hell shall me affrighten,

Lord, with Thy salvation blest.

May my dearest friends be taken

In Thy keeping through the night ;

And accept, when we awaken,

Praises with the morning light.

Amen.

Tristan d'Acunha (the loneliest British possession) has been spoken of by the English Press as one of the few places where there is no drink and no crime ! Another instance of the effects of a mother's early training, and simple trust in God.

THE POWER OF SONG.

Suggested on reading of the death of the Poet Laureate.

“The grass of yesteryear
 Is dead: the birds depart, the groves decay:
 Empires dissolve and peoples disappear:
 Song passes not away.”

William Watson.

While sitting calmly smoking
 The *calumet* of peace,
 The Muses' aid invoking,
 At the long day's toil's surcease ;
 The “ Daily” lay before me,
 And listlessly I read,
 Till I saw (a chill came o'er me)
 That Tennyson was dead !

Dead ! Then the mighty master
 Of song has laid aside
 His robes ! My heart beat faster
 As I read how calm he died.
 Just like the flickering ember
 Of life's long ambient glow ;
 Or the gloaming of September
 After Summer's noise and show.

And then methought how often
 It has been vainly said,
 Song, which all hearts can soften,
 Is dying too, or dead !
 The wish in minds earth-tending
 Is father to the thought ;
 But beauty, never-ending,
 Shall prove their wishes nought.

With Arnold sweetly singing
 His grand "Light of the world,"
 Which sets the heart a-ringing,
 With the flag of love unfurled—
 While Austin Dobson's feeling
 And spirit-stirring song,
 And Morris's annealing
 And inspiring strains prolong—

While countless other singers,
 In harmony divine,
 (All peace and comfort bringers)
 Throughout the world combine
 From out their hearts' recesses
 The choicest notes to pour—
 (Song which the world caresses
 As its own priceless store—)

While there remains a sadness
 Or sorrow to assuage,
 Or a note of joy and gladness
 Thrills the soul of youth or age—
 While at meeting or at parting,
 Still throbs the heaving breast ;
 And eyes, with tear-drops starting,
 Show sympathy's behest—

Despite the vain endeavour
 Of the gold-god's mighty throng,
 This world of ours will never
 Destroy the power of Song ;
 But ever still increasing
 In intensity its sway,
 Until, in strains unceasing
 It reigns in endless day.

The following lines were written in 1863, and published in the *Gravesend Reporter*, after which they were lost sight of by the writer for thirty years. They were then discovered by a friend in a work entitled "The Archaeological Mine," in the British Museum :—

GRAVESEND'S WELCOME TO THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF DENMARK.

Ye men of Kent, with thousand times
Ten thousand welcomes greet
The loveliest flower of Northern climes,
And strew beneath her feet
Earth's choicest gifts, the snowdrop pure,
And fragrant violet.
And Oh! from Heaven's redundant store,
May a rich coronet
Of love unfading and divine,
And joy and peace serene,
And health and happiness combine
To deck our future Queen.
Long may *they* live with blessings crowned,
In happiness and love,
Until at last they meet around
A brighter throne above.

TO FRED C.—

A REPLY.

Dear Fred—If you think I am growing unkind,
And have quietly “shunted you on to the sidings,”
I really must tell you a bit of my mind,
And that is—you deserve the severest of *hidings*.

’Tis no new acquaintance you judge in that way—
A friend, like the bee, who is fondest of roving
From blossom to blossom—a friend of a day—
But one who has weathered a twenty years’ proving.

Of course, my dear boy, I’ve no right to dictate
As to *how* or to *when* on a visit you *shall* come ;
But whenever it be, I that visit await,
With my hand and my heart to accord you a welcome.

Then come when you can with your music and flute,
And all hesitation and diffidence smother ;
But your last hasty verdict you’ll have to refute,
When you meet, as of yore, with a friend and a brother.

Personal friends of the writer, who remember the happy musical evenings of “Twenty golden years ago,” and to whom the subject of the above lines (the late Mr. Fred. Chronk, of Gravesend) was well known, have asked that they might be included in the *AFTERMATH*.

Family affliction had prevented our musical gatherings for some time, and our friend, in a note on the subject, said he feared he had been “shunted on to the sidings.”—G.N.

THE UNION JACK.

In the early part of 1880, a Magazine was published with the above title, and the writer's dear friend, the late W. H. G. Kingston, was its first Editor.

The following lines were addressed at that time to "the boys of England," and it has been suggested that under present circumstances they might with propriety be re-produced.

Come, Boys of England, rally round our dear old flag
of blue,

Which, hoisted on our bran new ship, manned by
good men and true,

Shall gaily float untarnished, and the champion ever be,
Of all that's good and manly, of the noble and the free.

With Kingston for its captain we need never fear the
storm,

For long is his experience, his heart is true and warm,
And with his brave lieutenants, who are also true and
tried,

Our ship in storm, or calm, or tempest, must in safety
ride.

You'll see their seamanship on deck, and in the watch
below,

Will listen to their stirring tales, of heroes long ago,
Who in the hour of danger have all obstacles defied,
And made our dear old Union Jack a grateful nation's
pride.

You'll hear them tell of perils, on the ocean and on shore,
Which nobly were surmounted by our countrymen of
yore ;

Till you, like them, shall feel the same enthusiasm grow,
As burned within their dauntless hearts, with a resistless
glow.

And, Oh ! in years to come, when they have laid the
pennon down,

And you, who now are British boys, to British men have
grown,

May the same love of country fire your hand and heart
and brain,

That your joining this ship's company may not have
been in vain ;

But, all the wide world over, in every land and clime,
Still emulate the noble, the heroic, the sublime ;

Your motto still "EXCELSIOR," nor stopping to look
back,

Bear onward, still untarnished, the dear old Union Jack.





“It is I.”

Words by G. NEWMAN.

Music by R. T. CLARK

The way is dark and drear, And while a-round me

rocks and pit-falls lie, How would my ri-ven heart re-joice to

hear Thy voice say “It is I.”

And as I grope along
In the rough road, Lord, let me feel Thee nigh,
And hear Thee whisper, sweet as angels' song—
“Soul, fear not, It is I.”

And when some hidden snare
Besets my path, or danger hovers nigh;
Oh! let me ever, in the darkness, hear
Those sweet words—“It is I.”

“Oh! leave me not alone,
Life's rugged path in my own strength to try;
But ever when my heart to stray is prone,
Lord, whisper “It is I.”

NATIONAL OR PATRIOTIC ANTHEM
FOR THE
INHABITANTS OF THE ISLAND OF TRISTAN D'ACUNHA.

Words by G. NEWMAN (Lloegrynn).
M. M. $\text{♩} = 80.$

Music by R. T. CLARKE, Organist,
S. John's Church, Gravesend.

1. Wrapt in the so-lenu sound Of o - cean all a - round,
2. Yet here in peace we dwell, By o - cean guarded well,

Up - on our rug-ged wind-swept is - land home;
Aunt the old flag that flut - ters in the breeze;

Far from the bu - sy world, Th' At-lan-tic waves are hurl'd
Tho' circumscribed we be, We live as near to Thee,

A - gainst our rock - y shore in mist and foam.
O God, as those who dwell 'mid calm - er seas.

3 Now while our prayer ascends
To Thee, whose ear attends
The single suppliant, or a nation's
O do Thou deign to bless [call;
With health and happiness
Our Queen, and keep us loyal, one
and all.

4 And, the wide earth around,
Where Britain's flag is found,
Let liberty still flourish fresh and
And bid us all rejoice, [green;
"And sing with heart and voice"
The glad refrain, "God save our
gracious Queen."



SUBSCRIPTION LIST

The following names have been received up to time of going to press :—

Alexander, Mrs., Elm Park Road, Reading.
Almack, Rev. A. C., M.A., The Vicarage, Bowes Park, N.
Anderson, J. R., South Yarra, Melbourne, Vic.
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Burkett, H., Sevenoaks, Kent.

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Clarke, R. T., Milton Road, Gravesend.
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Cocks, Miss E., Edinburgh Road, Reading.
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Dobson, Mrs. E., Manor Park, Ruddington, N.B.

Eden, Rev. Arthur, M.A., Ticehurst, Sussex. (4 copies.)
Eden-Dickson, R., Glemham Hall, Suffolk.

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Fremlin, R. H., Wateringbury, Kent. (4 copies).

Green, Peter W., Governor, Tristan d' Acunha.

Hardwick, Dr., Charing, Kent.
Harrison, Benjamin, Ightham, Kent.
Hatten, C. E., Rosemount, Gravesend.
Hodge, A., Upper Clapton, N.E.
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Hovenden, R., F.S.A., Croydon. (2 copies).
Howell, G. O., Editor "Kentish Note Book," Plumstead, Kent. (2 copies).
Hughes, Mrs., "Ceiriog," Newcastle-on-Tyne. (2 copies).
Hays, —, Commerce Road, Wood Green.

Import, D. J., Brixton, Surrey.

Jack, Miss J., Plumstead, Kent.
Jackson, R. J., Plumstead, Kent.
Jenkins, Mrs., New Bedford, Mass., U.S. America.
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Lancaster-Lucas, Mrs., London, S.W. (2 copies).
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Martin, W., Finsbury Road, Wood Green.

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Newman, Miss F., Southport.
Newman, Miss J. H., s.s. *Telde*.
Newman, W., Old Road, Gravesend.

Olive, Miss, Charing, Kent.

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Saywood, C., Station Master, Wood Green.
Smetham, H., Author of *History of Strood*, Strood,
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Smith, Miss J., Lewisham, Kent.
Smith, H. W., Belvedere, Kent.
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Smither, Mrs. M., Oxford Road, Reading.
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Tolhurst, Alderman B., Southend-on-Sea.
Tolhurst, A. I., Glen View, Gravesend.
Tolhurst, F. I., Southend-on-Sea.
Tolhurst, W., Rathbale, Northfleet, Kent.
Tolhurst, P. W., Derby.

Wakefield, Mrs. R., Stone Street, Maidstone.
Ward, J. C., Clarence Road, Wood Green.
Winch, Geo., Chatham.

**The following were received too late
for insertion in the foregoing list.**

The Lady Rendel of Hatchlands, Surrey (4 copies).

Balfour, B. R., Townley Hall, Drogheda, Ireland.

Newman, Geo., R.N., Royal Yacht, *Osborne*.

Goff, Chas. A., Queen Street, Gravesend.

Darbishire, R. D., Victoria Park, Manchester.

Vincent, W. T., Author of "Records of the Woolwich District," Burrage Road, Plumstead, Kent.

Crowhurst, F. W., High Street, Gravesend.

O'Conor, Chas. P., Hither Green, Lewisham, Kent.

Benstead, C. W., Mount Pleasant, Plumstead, Kent.

Hyett, A. C., Tottenham, Middlesex.

Perry, Geo. Jno., Mornington Road, Leytonstone, Essex.

Thorn, M. C., The Ferns, New Barnet, Herts.

Gadsden, W. I., Ashley Road, Hornsey Rise, N.

Groen, Jan, L., Kimberley Street, Hull.

Paine, Alderman E. C., J. P., Dunton House, Gravesend (4 copies, additional).

Arnold, G. M., J.P., D.L., F.S.A., Milton Hall, Gravesend (1 copy additional).

Surridge, Miss, Mavis Bank, Gravesend (1 copy additional).

Harrison, Benjamin, Ightham, Kent (5 copies additional).

Cole, Councillor E. G., Wood Green, Middlesex (2 copies additional).

Lambert, W. A., Truro Road, Wood Green, Middlesex (1 copy additional).



47, FINSBURY ROAD, WOOD GREEN, MIDDLESEX.

The author of "Other Lyrics" has much pleasure in informing the Subscribers to his book, that he has received from Balmoral Castle a letter, of which the following is a copy :—

(*Copy*)

BALMORAL CASTLE.

Sep. 29th, 1900.

Dear Sir,

The Queen desires me to thank you for the copy of your book of poems entitled "Other Lyrics" which you have been good enough to forward through Sir Arthur Bigge for Her Majesty's acceptance.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) F. M. PONSONBY.

George Newman, Esq.



OTHER LYRICS.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS, &c.

“ NEW WORK BY LLOEGRYN.—The readers of the *Kentish Note Book* will, I am sure, be pleased to know that Mr. George Newman (otherwise known by his bardic name *Lloegryn*) has at last brought out his new book of poems, entitled ‘Other Lyrics.’

Mr. Newman is a native of Wateringbury, in this county. He was long resident at Gravesend, but now resides at Wood Green, Middlesex.

‘Lloegryn’ is a forceful and invigorating writer of prose, but it is as a writer of poetry that he excels. There is nothing artificial in his compositions. Every line is pregnant with true poetic feeling. As he puts it in the preface, he speaks ‘straight from the heart,’ and it is for this reason that we like to hold converse with our author. A spirit of affection for hearth and home, and ‘the land we love,’ pervades the whole book, and a high moral tone illuminates every page.

Mr. Newman dedicates his book to the Inhabitants of Kent, his native county, in a long descriptive poem, which has already appeared in the *Kentish Note Book*. Our author has well termed his tuneful verses ‘Lyrics.’

The volume is well printed and tastefully bound, with an appropriate Kentish symbol on the cover. It contains several charming illustrations, notably a sketch of the author’s birthplace, and a portrait of the author’s venerable friend, Peter Green, of Tristan d’Acunha. Every Kentish Man and Man of Kent ought to possess a copy of ‘Other Lyrics.’”—*Kentish Note Book*.

“ Mr. George Newman, formerly of Gravesend, and now residing north of London, retains the same warm affection for the county of Kent which he has displayed in many of his old poems, and the feeling finds eloquent vent on many pages of his new book entitled ‘Other Lyrics,’ just published at the *Examiner* office, Ashford. It is an admirable work, beautiful in sentiment, and, in parts, sweetly pathetic. The thoughts of the writer are well expressed, and his lines are always well balanced and musical.”—*Kentish Independent*.

“ ‘Other Lyrics,’ by George Newman (Lloegryn), is a volume of poems in the author’s most charming style, which adds further to the reputation of Mr. Newman. His versification is real, is earnest; affectation is absent, and the feelings and sympathies of the writer become those of the reader. Nature at his hands maintains her freshness and reality, you can see the flowery dells of his native Kent, hear the birds piping on the

hedgerows, the nightingale singing in the still woods. Home, with its affections, its fears, is felicitously pourtrayed. The martial ardour and patriotism of Kent, which has so often inspired the poet, receive proud recognition, while some of her humble heroes are revivified, whether they lie in the village churchyard, beneath the arid sands of Africa, or among the snow and ice of the Arctic regions. In retrospective mood you participate with the author in his pleasures and his deepest sorrows, mix quite naturally with friends and acquaintances, and re-visit the places which have gained his love and admiration. With his musical soul and pure flow of words (there is no seeking for the meaning) Mr. Newman is able to discourse upon these and other themes with captivating rythmical sweetness and simplicity. Kentish Men and Men of Kent have every reason to be proud of their singer."—*Rochester and Chatham Journal*.

Our readers have aforetime made acquaintance with Mr. Newman; indeed the dainty little volume now before us contains more than one of Mr. Newman's Lyrics that found its first utterance in these columns. They breathe—as has ever been our author's aim—an appeal to the affections, being, in his own appropriate words, 'from the heart to the heart.' To all who knew Mr. Newman, with his gentle and lovable nature, this is but as it should be, a corollary to his life.

The dedicatory verses are, 'To the inhabitants of my native county—Kent,' and surely Kent counts no son more loyal among all who breathe within her borders. Mr. Newman's botanical and natural history knowledge is, with unconscious power, displayed in these verses. This, again, but exemplifies Coleridge's great text in the 'Ancient Mariner,' that—

' He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things, both great and small;
For the dear Lord who loveth them,
He made and loveth all.'

And Mr. Newman's love goes out to the wayside flower, the bird of the air, the beast of the field, and the great family of man. To the lover of the second of these we commend 'The Nightingale,' with its

' Nature's heaven-taught music, which began
In Eden's days of innocence and bloom.'

Admirers of Mr. Newman will welcome the plate of 'The Old Home,' with its poetic accompaniment, which has the additional interest of being a sketch executed many years ago by the author.

As our readers have been made acquainted, through Mr. Newman's work, with the island of Tristan d'Acunha, it is gratifying to see that a very nicely executed portrait of Peter Green, and a sketch of the island itself, are included in the volume. Facing the latter is that sonorous and worthy composition, 'The National Anthem' of the island, written by Mr. Newman, and wedded to fitting music by Mr. R. T. Clarke, organist of Gravesend.

We can cordially commend this little book, and also congratulate its author, both on its contents and the dainty way in which his poetic wares are displayed."—*Chatham and Rochester News*.

"Some years ago we had the pleasure of reviewing a volume of 'Wayside Lyrics,' from the pen of Mr. George Newman, then of Gravesend, and we have now before us another volume, by the same author, entitled 'Other Lyrics.' These are no less interesting than the former productions, which were deservedly well received by the public. Mr. Newman, who now resides at Wood Green, possesses the poetic instinct in a marked degree The subjects of 'Other Lyrics' are of a varied character, several of which will specially appeal to the inhabitants of Kent, the arms, *INVICTA*, adorning the neat cover of the book. In a locality where Mr. Newman is so well known, it is scarcely necessary to say that the *Lyrics* are well written, and we predict for the volume a wide circulation. Some of the poems, in the form of addenda, have been included in the collection at the special wish of old friends, in remembrance of *Auld Lang Syne*. The National Anthem of the Island of Tristan d'Acre also forms part of a most interesting volume."—*Gravesend Reporter*.

"A small volume of poems, by the author of 'Wayside Lyrics,' has just been issued from the pen of Mr. George Newman, a native of Wateringbury. The poems are some forty in number, and deal with a wide range of subjects. Mr. Newman's muse is not of the soaring kind, but he deals very lovingly with matters which lie near his heart, and among these must be numbered his native county, which he describes as 'the birth-place of the free,' who stand, 'in all their native hardihood, for liberty and freedom.' There is a tender pathos in the verses headed 'Memories,' and throughout all included in the book there breathes the spirit of true devotion to the divine, and tender compassion for frail and suffering humanity."—*Kent County Examiner*.

"'Other Lyrics' is a beautifully got-up volume of poems, by George Newman, author of 'Wayside' *Lyrics*, &c. The work is dedicated by the gifted author to his native county—Kent, and the cover appropriately bears a representation of the rampant horse, while among the many beautiful illustrations is a frontispiece depicting 'Hop-picking in Kent.' A copy of the work, recently sent to the Queen, brought a written acknowledgment, instead of the usual stereotyped reply. We may add that the late W. E. Gladstone, W. H. G. Kingston, and Eliza Cook were among the admirers of Mr. Newman's poems."—*East Kent Gazette*.

"'Other Lyrics,' by Mr. G. Newman. The author has received the following from the Mansion House, London, under the date of November 12th, 1900 :—

"The Lord Mayor is much obliged to Mr. G. Newman—a fellow Kentish man—for so kindly sending him his book, 'Other *Lyrics*.'

This brief note shows his Lordship's appreciation of his native county."—*Gravesend Reporter*.

"We have only congratulations for the author on his latest publication, which is thoughtfully dedicated in verse, 'To the Inhabitants of my Native County—Kent.' Mr. Newman was born at Wateringbury, and for many years resided at Gravesend.

One may not judge a book by its cover, but in this instance the dainty binding is quite in keeping with the beauty of its contents. Throughout its pages—whether praising his beloved county or meditating upon the humble barehell—language flows freely, clearly, and simply, and in true poetic measures. We are tempted to quote from many of his choice 'Lyrics,' but prefer giving below a little poem appropriate to the present season.

Captain F. E. G. Ponsonby, M.V.O., has written 'the author expressing the Queen's thanks for a copy of the book sent for her Majesty's acceptance.'

'Lloegrynn' has a large circle of admirers, and no doubt many new readers will join them in giving the little volume a hearty reception."—*Kent County Magazine*.

In a letter to the author, Major-General Baden-Powell, the hero of Mafeking, speaking of "Other Lyrics," says:—"The perusal of its touching and spirited lines has given me great pleasure."

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"I am extremely pleased with the poems. There is the right ring about them. Some are sympathetic and consoling, others are bright and cheery, and all are very beautiful and calculated to inspire and hearten people in the work that lies before them."—Geo. Neves, Esq., *News Office, Chatham*.

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"Hearty congratulations on your new book, 'Other Lyrics.' I have briefly but sincerely said what I think about it in the *Kentish Independent*, but I may tell you privately that I consider it the best work you have ever done. You seem to improve with age."—W. T. Vincent, Esq., Author of *Records of the Woolwich District*, &c., &c.

"I thank you much for the nice book of poems. I showed it to the Bishop of Meath, with whom I was staying, and he was much pleased with it. The Tristan Anthem and picture of the settlement are very good."—B. R. Balfour, Esq., Drogheda.

"Your new book," 'Other Lyrics,' gives me much satisfaction. I am not now referring to the literary contents (I hope to read it through and express myself again on that point), but I am thinking of the nice 'get-up' of the book. It is a tastefully turned-out work from the printer's and binder's point of view, and I think your *planning* of the whole affair is most admirable. The Kentish Horse looks full of action; while the pictures are, one and all, excellent."—G. O. Howett, Esq., Editor of *The Kentish Note Book*, and Author of *Songs of Hope and Sunshine*, &c., &c.

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“A volume of nicely-written verses is ‘Wayside Lyrics,’ by George Newman. The author has evidently strong domestic affections of the right sort, and we can well understand that the little book has become a favourite.”—*The Graphic*.

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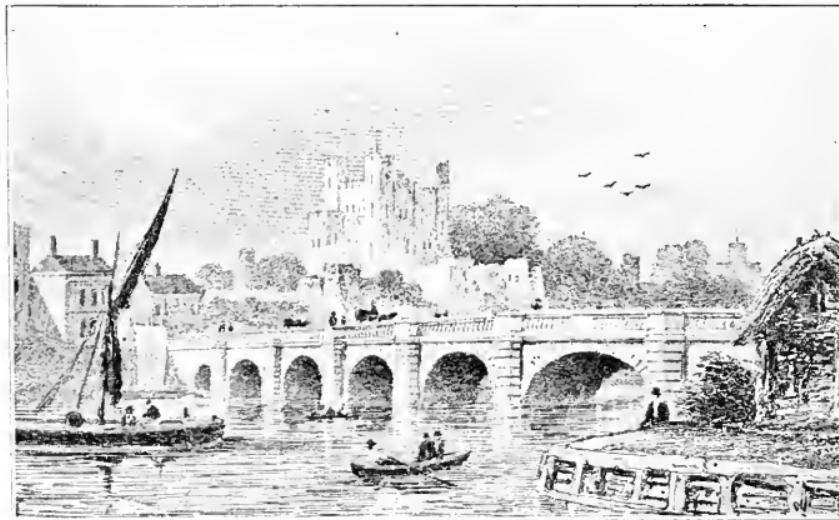
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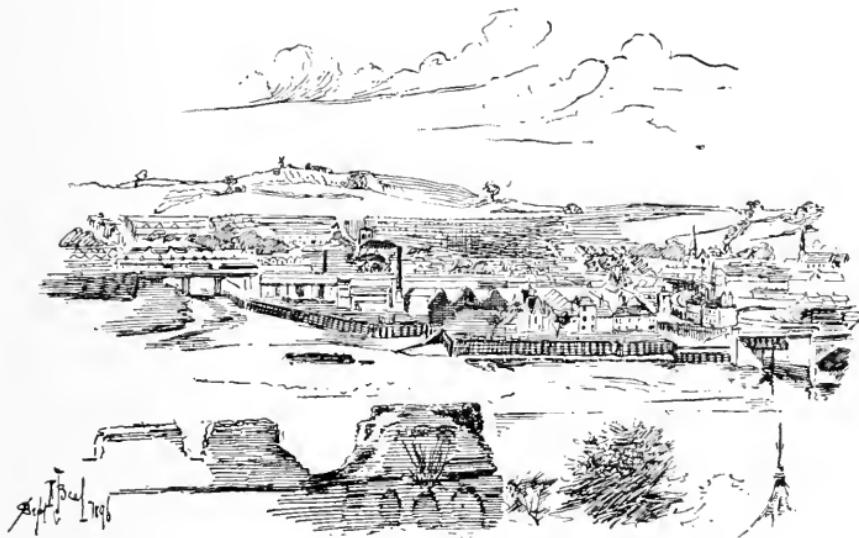
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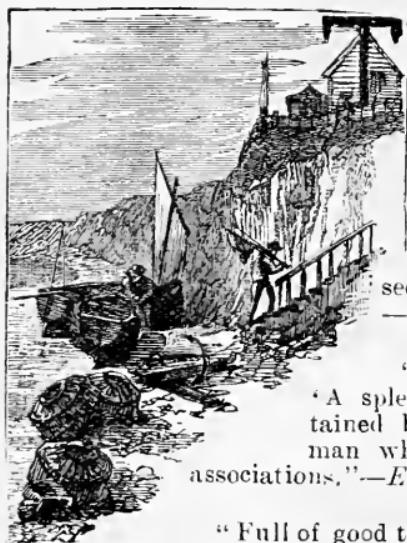
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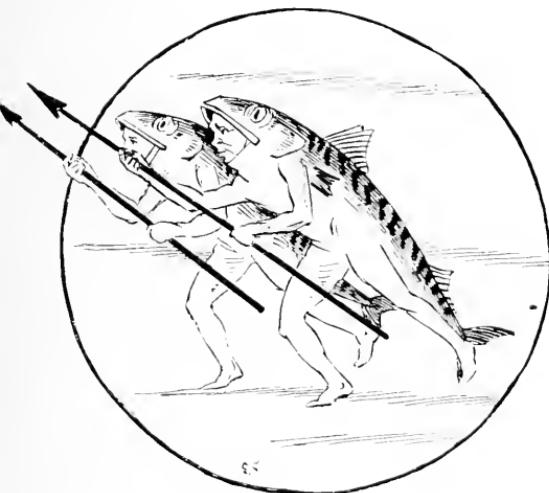
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Second Edition (Revised), 1900.

By J. C. TONKIN and PRESCOTT ROW.

With an Introduction by SIR WALTER BESANT.



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PRIGLIS BAY, ST. AGNES.

[*Valentine.*]

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Press Opinions.

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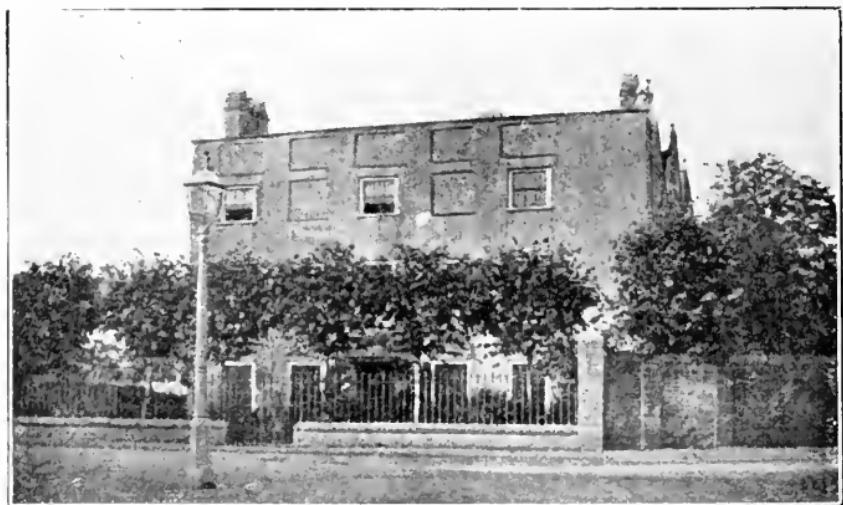
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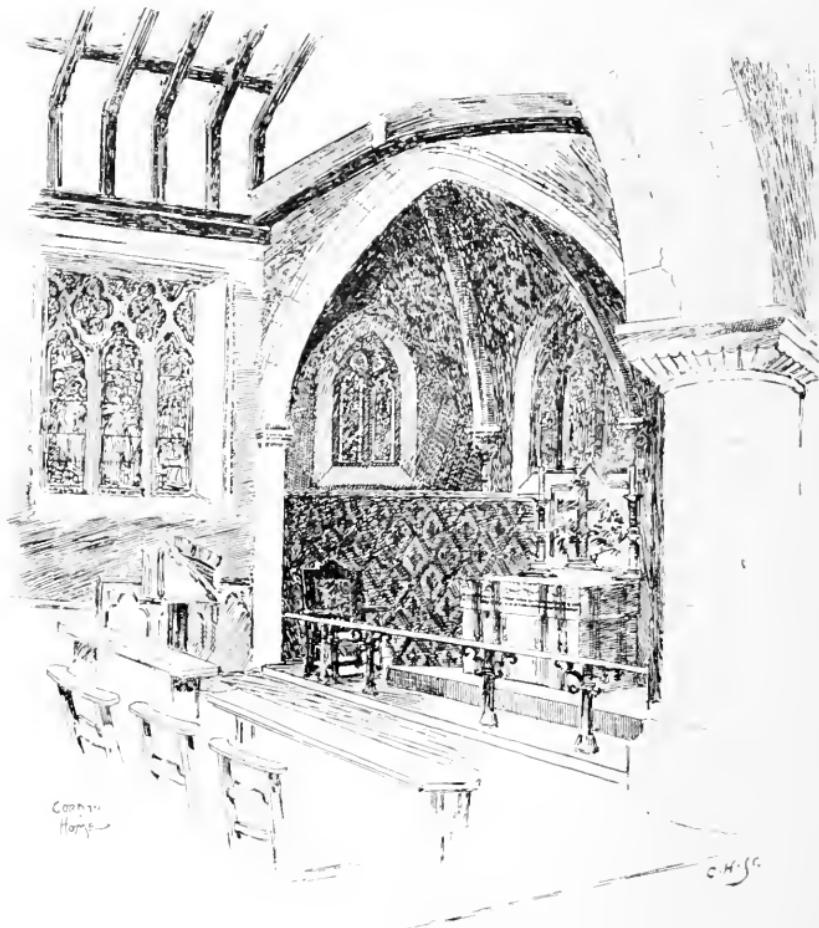
A Handbook for **Guildford and the District**.¹¹ Together with Short Notes on Places of Interest in the Neighbourhood. Written by J. E. MORRIS, B.A.

Second Edition, 1901.

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‘THE COUNTRY OF THE WILD RED DEER.’

By F. J. SNELL, M.A.

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The book is illustrated with many excellent photographs, of which the above is a specimen. It contains a good map of the district, chapters on Fishing, Stag Hunting, Fox Hunting, Hare Hunting at Dulverton, Birds and Beasts, Minerals, Flowers and Ferns, Pleasant Places on the Exmoor Borderland, etc., etc.

The Field says: ‘This little book will appeal at once to those who know the West Country, for it deals with a district which is replete with historic interest. The present little work is a handbook for Dulverton and the Exmoor borderland, and we notice by the way that Mr. R. J. Collins, a descendant of the writer of “The Wild Red Deer,” is a contributor. The author tells us how to reach Exmoor from several points, and gives the history of Dulverton and several other places. Of course the author has something to say about the chase of the wild red deer, and his remarks will be read with interest by those who have participated in the sport. There is an interesting chapter on Exmoor ponies and a chapter on stag-hunting, which will be of service to those who purpose going down, while otter-hunting with the Culmstock, badger-hunting at Dulverton, a chapter on birds and beasts, and one or two other matters serve to fill up a very interesting little work.’

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With an Introduction by EDNA LYALL.

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Extract from *Literature*. Published by the *Times*.

' We are particularly drawn to the Homeland Handbooks (6d. each), published by the Homeland Association, for the Promotion and Encouragement of Touring in Great Britain and Ireland, St. Bride's House, 24, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, E.C. They are cheap, they do not attempt to be too encyclopædic, and they are written with something of the enthusiasm which the country squire displays when he shows you round his stables and his kennels. Some of them even have introductions written by eminent men and women of letters. The guide to the Scilly Isles, for instance, has an introduction by Sir Walter Besant ; the forthcoming guide to Farnham will have an introduction by Miss Edna Lyall. The Scilly Islands guide, now in a second edition, we have already noticed favourably. We can give equally high praise to the guide to Dulverton, by Mr. F. J. Snell, which has just appeared. There are chapters on the hunting and fishing by specialists in these branches of human endeavour, and a chapter headed "Links with Books" sums up the literary associations. Most of these are connected with "Lorna Doone," but "Katerfelto" is not forgotten, and we are also reminded that Richard Jefferies went to Dulverton to pursue the inquiries that resulted in his writing "Red Deer," and that the names of Lord Tennyson and James Anthony Froude figure in the visitors' book of the Carnarvon Arms. Finding a volume of his poems lying on the table, Lord Tennyson wrote his name in it, to the great delight of the landlady. We may add that the advertisement columns of these little books are a perfect treasure-house of information concerning the hotels and lodging-houses in parts of the world where the stranger from afar is apt to be nervous as to the accommodation that he will find. Guides are in preparation to Godalming, Richmond, Bromley (Kent), Hastings, Eastbourne, Frome, Banbury, and the uplands of Surrey. We hope that the guides to the less obvious places will appear first. Richmond in particular seems a promising subject. There is much to be seen there which those who only use Richmond for boating purposes never see, and the historical and literary associations of the old borough are endless.'

MR. GEORGE R. SIMS, in the *Referee*.

' Last week, in noticing the *Traveller*, I expressed a hope that the charms of the Continent would not cause our own beauty spots to be neglected by British tourists. This week I have received a number of charming booklets issued by the Homeland Association, a society established to promote and encourage touring in Great Britain and Ireland. *The Homeland Association has my heartiest good wishes. It is doing a national and a patriotic work.* The books which are excellently written and charmingly illustrated, include "The Country of the Wild Red Deer," which is the Dulverton district and the Exmoor borderland ; "Lyonesse," an admirable guide to the Isles of Scilly, with a preface by Sir Walter Besant ; "Farnham," with an introduction by Edna Lyall ; and "Guildford," with some exquisite illustrations of the quaint architecture of Surrey's capital and the beauty spots around.'



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